

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
COPYRIGHT  
SEP 20 1888  
26491  
WASHINGTON

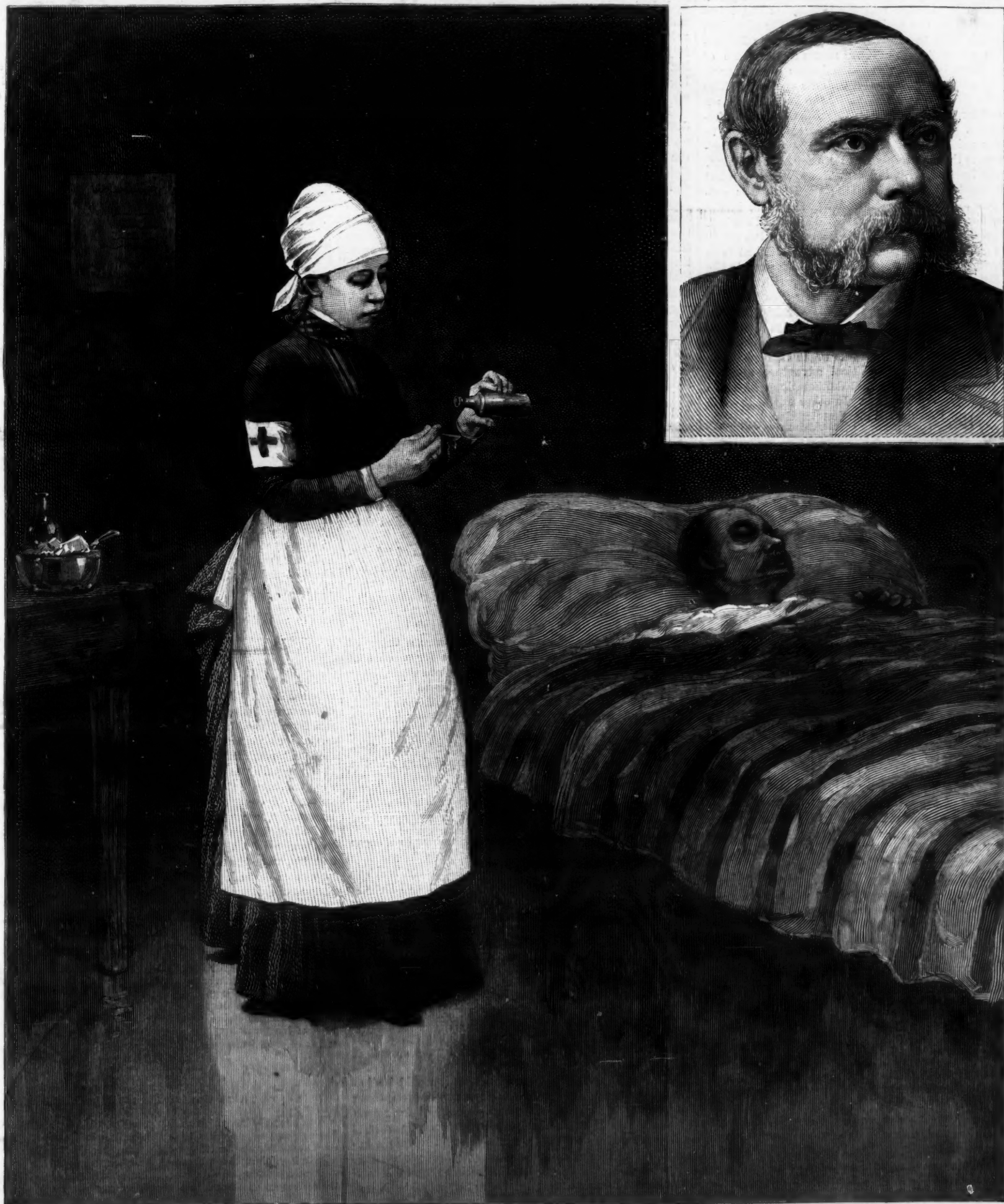
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as second-class Matter.

No. 1,723.—Vol. LXVII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE LATE RICHARD A. PROCTOR.—PHOTO. BY FALK.  
FLORIDA.—THE YELLOW-FEVER SCOURGE IN JACKSONVILLE—A NURSE OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY AT WORK.  
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 87.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

#### DEMAGOGISM IN CONGRESS.

SINCE the beginning of our Government, no Congress has continued its session so far into a Presidential campaign as the Congress which is now wasting the time and money of the people at Washington. The ostensible reason has been the tariff question. The real reason has been, a hope on each side of securing some political advantage. The Mills Bill consumed plenty of time in the House, and its fate might have been settled with comparatively little delay by the Senate, had it been animated by high considerations of public duty. The Fisheries Treaty was taken on either side as an opportunity for political harangues, and its failure was at once seized upon as affording the chance to make a political point. The President's Message and the Retaliation Bill, introduced possibly as the logical outcome of the situation, but certainly with the intention of putting the Republicans "in a hole," were the next moves in the game of politics. Then both parties entered upon a hot race to gain some advantage from the Chinese question. The Treaty with China was initiated by the Democrats as a bid for California votes, and the Republicans quickly followed with a more restrictive amendment, contrary to the earlier principles of the party. Upon the unconfirmed report that the treaty had been rejected in China, each party hurried, with indecent haste, to make what capital it could out of the situation; the Democrats getting the precedence in their introduction of a Bill in the House, and so scoring a point in this disgraceful contest. This Bill violates a preceding treaty, as well as the treaty which is gratuitously assumed to be rejected, but both parties gave it an eager support; and when it went to the Senate, Democrats and Republicans alike, with the fear of the vote of the Pacific Slope before their eyes, hastened with equal alacrity to sanction the Bill. We are glad that one Senator has been found frank enough to acknowledge the truth as to the entire matter. Senator Butler summed up the case when he said: "This whole Chinese business has been a matter of political advantage, and we have not been governed by that deliberation which the gravity of the question requires. In other words, there is a very important Presidential election pending."

And this is the explanation in a nutshell of the interminable session at Washington—a session incredibly costly to the country, not only in mere actual outlay, but more than this, in the failure to legislate upon public questions of real importance, in the unsettling effect upon business at large, and in the demoralizing example presented to the country by a Congress forgetting public interests, and absorbed in political tricks, or buncombe oratory, or partisan brawls befitting pothouse politicians. It is not for Congress to elect the President, nor to furnish special pleaders for his election. There is plenty of room for campaign machinery outside the halls of Congress, and there will be plenty of campaign thunder if Congressmen do not prove false to their duties. For this is what it means. Congressmen are mere business agents, as it were, of the people, sworn to transact the business of the State decently and in order. When demagogues in Congress misuse their office, and seek to use the people's trust for partisan advantage, they are but little better than those who were once scourged from the Temple which they had made a den of money-changers and of thieves.

#### THE YELLOW - FEVER RAVAGES.

THE ravages of the yellow fever in Jacksonville show no signs of abatement. At this writing the death-rate is reported to be increasing, and not a ray of hope illumines the deep gloom which has settled upon the unfortunate city. The probabilities now are that the scourge will run its mad course, ravaging and destroying whatever it finds to feed upon, until the appearance of frost or a favorable change in the atmospheric conditions. As was to be expected, the city's appeal for help has been most generously responded to in all sections of the country, and both money and nurses will be supplied fully equal to the necessities of the case. But the need of assistance will not cease with the disappearance of the epidemic. Hundreds, if not thousands, of the poorer classes in Jacksonville will come out of their protracted trial absolutely destitute, and for these the benevolence of a prosperous people must make prompt and ample provision.

The quarantine instituted by the Government and local authorities has so far proved exceptionally effective, and there is little danger that the fever will spread into surrounding States. Two cases are reported from Decatur, Ala., where great alarm is said to prevail, but other parts of the South have entirely escaped the disease. The death of Professor Proctor in New York city occasioned momentary anxiety, the case being undoubtedly one of yellow fever; but the sanitary authorities allege that they are able to cope successfully with any probable outbreak of the fever here. The advance of sanitary science within the last quarter of a century has been so great as to place

under almost complete control diseases which once defied restraint, and it is doubtful whether, in an ordinary season, even cholera could find a considerable foothold in any one of our larger cities.

#### FORTY YEARS OF GOLD.

THE Society of California Pioneers of New England, in their celebration, recently, of the fortieth anniversary of the discovery of gold in California, revived memories of a time that is separated from the present by much more than forty years. That discovery has so revolutionized our financial methods that we find ourselves to-day in an entirely different epoch, commercially and socially, from that which closed with the advent of the "forty-niners" upon Californian soil. And yet, the financial changes, remarkable as they have been, are really less important and less epoch-making than some of the other results of that discovery. A whole order of new influences came in to affect the development of American civilization: the influence of a new climate; the influence of a semi-tropical race who were the neighbors, and during the unsettled years before California was admitted to the Union, the rulers, as far as they had any rulers, of the American pioneers; the influence of a rapidly acquired wealth which could purchase neither the luxuries nor the amenities of life—all were potent in adding new elements to American character and to American civilization.

For it was impossible that a social condition entirely different from any hitherto known among us should grow up in California and not affect social conditions through the whole country. Distant and inaccessible as was the Golden State, that influence overleaped impassable space and insuperable difficulties, and made itself felt to our Easternmost limits—the influence not only of the turbulence and effervescence of a land of sudden wealth, but of the heroism and spontaneous nobility of a time of arduous trial. Pioneering in California was by no means a repetition of the well-known experiences of the early Eastern States. The surroundings, the circumstances, were entirely different, and the virtues the pioneers developed, rugged and strenuous though they might be, were of a more genial cast than found birth in stern and serious New England, as they were more virile and energetic than those of the Southern seaboard States. The annals of our country have no record of deeds more heroic, of fortitude more sublime, of resource more spontaneous and individual, than were shown by the "forty-niners" and their immediate successors. The spirit of fraternity developed in those days of storm and stress was in a sense wholly new to us, democrats though we were: our early States, for all their partnership in sorrow and struggle, had nothing like it. And it is to those early pioneers that we owe it that California came into the Union a free State—to them, and to their influence living after them, that she remained staunch to the Union during the War of the Rebellion.

So much has happened since those bands of "forty-niners" struggled across the deadly plains, or made the dreary circuit of "the Horn," that it is difficult to realize that it was two hundred and fifty of those very men who dined together in Boston the other day. Hale, prosperous, influential citizens they are—men barely old even now. Their California experiences are a thing of long ago; nearly all of them have been for a score of years or more denizens again of an Eastern State, busy in professions or other associations, different enough, in all but results, from the digging and washing of gold. It must all seem like a dream to them, or like some story out of "The Arabian Nights," read away back in childhood. None the less is the imprint of that far-away time and those dream-like experiences stamped deep into the character of the American people.

#### A MOVEMENT FOR BURIAL REFORM.

IT is a question of growing importance how to dispose of the dead. With the improvements in sanitary science, the diminution in the rate of mortality, and the consequent pressure of population, the evils of the old system of burial have been more and more forced upon the attention of men. The overcrowding of cemeteries, and the danger to the living from pollution of the air and the water and the earth, have become, in not a few thickly settled places, evils of the first magnitude. It was thought for a time that a remedy had been found in cremation, and, from a scientific point of view, no remedy could be more complete. It disposes at once of the objections made to burial, as now practiced, as well as of the serious economical consideration of the space withdrawn from occupancy and cultivation by the spread of churchyards and burial-grounds.

If life were merely practical science, it would be impossible to resist the arguments in favor of cremation; but men live for the pursuit of happiness, not for its attainment. Sentiment and illusion are the most powerful motive forces in our life, and these are invincibly opposed to the revival of the classical funeral pyre. Philosophers will make light of the opposition, and will find others to agree with them; but there never has been, and never will be, a people of philosophers. The sentiment will prevail against all the teaching of all the schools. Cremation is, therefore, a quantity to be neglected, and the practicable reform is the only one that meets the

serious objections to the present system without in any way shocking the general sentiment.

This reform has been found in the simplification of the funeral ceremonies, and especially in the introduction of perishable coffins. The real evils of all the crowded graveyard are due to the costly and permanent caskets, which retard, and often hinder, the natural and kindly process by which the dust returns to the earth as it was. Begun in England by the Church of England Burial, Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, this movement is destined to do an incalculable amount of good. It aims at reducing the expenses of burial and the lavish display at funerals, so often ruinous to the survivors, while it preserves and cherishes all the solemn associations that unite the thought of the long home with the Christian's hope of immortality. Those who think seriously upon the matter must support this wise and humane movement.

It will be time enough to consider the alleged loss to the public uses of the ground occupied by cemeteries, when the land now lying waste and unredeemed in even the most populous countries shall have been brought under cultivation.

#### THE COPPER MONOPOLY.

UNLESS the recent reports are wholly inaccurate, the working of the Trust or combination principle has received a curious check in one very important instance. Within a few years an immense syndicate was formed in Paris to control the price of copper throughout the world. One of the prominent figures was M. Secretan, the Paris capitalist and speculator, and with him were associated various wealthy bankers. They contracted for the produce of mines in Spain and elsewhere on the Continent, and presently extended their operations to this country. The syndicate met with certain reverses at first, and there was a time when M. Secretan's fortune was imperiled, inasmuch as the price of copper fell, despite persistent efforts to bolster it up. But the difficulties were finally overcome, and the syndicate appeared to be in control of the market. Long contracts were made with the lake companies in this country, including the Calumet, Hecla, and others, and contracts, we think, were also made for the Arizona copper. The companies bound themselves to deliver all their output to the syndicate. On the other hand, the syndicate bound itself to pay a certain price for all this yield for a considerable time. In this way the syndicate practically controlled the copper production of the world. Its plan was twofold. It proposed both to raise the market price of copper for the consumer, and also, by increasing or by decreasing the amount of copper offered, to lower or raise the speculative price of copper on the European bourses. For the syndicate, speculation in copper promised as certain returns as speculation in oil for the Standard Oil Trust.

All went well for a time, but presently one unforeseen result was developed. When it was found that the price of copper was controlled by a few speculative monopolists, who were advancing its cost, many consumers, instead of yielding to this demand, began to economize in the use of the metal. The syndicate had counted upon an inevitable and steady demand, but it was found that in the use of even this useful article retrenchment was possible. It is stated that consumption during the past half-year has probably fallen off to the extent of 30,000 tons, or about one-seventh of last year's total product. Thus the ambition of the syndicate seems to have overreached itself. There is the necessity for taking the bulk of the output of copper throughout the world at a specified figure, and there is the difficulty of selling this vast amount at prices satisfactory to the would-be monopolists. It remains to be seen whether this retrenchment in the metal's use can be continued long enough to break the syndicate, but the latter is already loaded with a vast amount of copper, and more is constantly pouring in. Meanwhile, a resolution has been introduced into the United States Senate directing the Finance Committee to inquire into the operations of the syndicate in this country, with the view of suggesting such legislation as may seem best adapted to relieve the people from the injurious operations of combinations of this character.

#### A TIME TO DANCE.

IF the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love in the Spring, with the Autumn he begins to give his whole mind to the dances of the coming season. Happy youth! He was the wonder of the dancing-room last year, and lovely eyes followed his every movement on the floor, charmed, it might be, with his grace and skill, and wondering, perhaps, even more at the slight development of his lower leg, like that of the *mozo* in the Andalusian verse:

"El mocito que baila  
Las seguidillas  
Se ha dejado en su casa  
Las pantorrillas."

("The young fellow that is dancing there has left his calves at home.")

There is an art in all these things, and art is long and time is fleeting; and nothing less than the whole mind, earnestly bent upon twinkling the heels, will enable the average New Yorker to make a leg. Fortunately there are those who can guide him in the right way, professors who see the infinite possibilities of the dance. We cannot do all things. Just as in dress one man is obtrusive in his coat, and another retiring in his necktie, so in the limitless world of the dance, he who is insignificant in the waltz may be a conquering hero in the lancers. The true professor, when he eyes his man, beholds in his legs the unwritten record of defeats and triumphs yet to be. Such is the vast power of genius, and rapt



devotion to the loftiest ideals of art. Only to those who have lived laborious days and outwatched Canopus comes the flash of inspiration that creates a new dance, with adaptations and variations that shall be interpreted to admiring eyes by calves and calfless legs in the Winter ball-room.

The professors of dancing, lately convened to the number of thirty-five, have adopted three new combinations, the "Diamond Lancers," the "Glide Mazurka," and the "Berlin." The Berlin, which is entirely original, and the Diamond Lancers, are due to the genius of Professor Rivers. Other novelties yet to be heard of are the new Kirmess and a Vienna round dance; and one extremely ingenious arrangement of the dancing-floor won enthusiastic applause. The floor, made of yellow pine, rests on rubber cushions, five hundred and twenty-four in number, and when the dancers perform, the floor has a swaying, undulatory movement, suggestive of swans, or a ground-swell off Sandy Hook. The conception is admirable, and yet it seems as if the inventor, grasping at a great idea, had overlooked a simpler and more direct application of the principle involved. If, instead of applying the cushions to the floor, the professor had adapted two cushions, or even one, to each dancer, there can be little doubt that the effect produced would have been novel and entertaining in the highest degree to the observer, and perhaps equally undulatory to the performer.

## LIBRARY AND CATHEDRAL.

IN an address recently delivered at the dedication of a free public library in Massachusetts, Colonel T. W. Higginson presented a most suggestive comparison between the free library of to-day and the mediæval cathedral. The latter represented the culture of the age and its prevailing spirit, which was religious. The cathedral has been called a creation of aristocracy; but, while it embodies the feudal idea to a considerable extent, cathedral-building was the willing work of a people whose faith, at least in the earlier middle ages, was simple and devout. They were not slaves like the builders of the Pyramids, but believers laboring earnestly and lovingly at their tasks, though directed by superiors to whom they owed allegiance. Worship was free, but the influence of the mediæval cathedral differed as much from the influence of the free library as the spirit of that age from this. The cathedral was built under the patronage of feudal princes; the public library is due directly to the people, or else it is a memorial erected by princes of industry, the merchants and manufacturers of our time. Free education, it has been said, is the most characteristic thing in our civilization, and the freest thing in education is the free library. For intellectual progress on lines of religious thought there has been substituted a thoughtful interest in all the varied phases of mental activity. The influence of the cathedral was narrow, after all, but the free public library of to-day embodies the progress which mankind has made in every field. It expresses the needs of the age.

As the importance of this educational factor has been recognized, its scope has been broadened. Collections of objects of art, small but instructive, and collections of historical relics, have been gathered together in company with the books. Architects who were artists have been employed to rear library buildings, in themselves an influence. And yet when we turn to New York, the metropolis of our country, we find that in this respect this great city is mediæval rather than modern. The metropolis contains one costly cathedral, and another is projected, but there is no great free lending library.

This is certainly an anomaly. New York prides herself upon her illustrations of the modern, the progressive, spirit; and yet this most essential and thoroughly modern means of free education has been neglected. The Astor Library, most valuable for consultation, is open only during the working hours of the day, and no books may be taken out. The Lenox Library, with its rare collection of *Americana*, early examples of the printer's art and some good paintings, has been made practically inaccessible by all manner of restrictions and absurd regulations. A fee is required at the Mercantile Library, and the Mechanics' is limited to a class. This need has been felt year after year; and yet, despite the number of colossal fortunes built up in this city, none of our millionaires attempted to supply the want, and there seemed no prospect of an advance upon this mediæval narrowness, until it was found that the late Samuel J. Tilden had appreciated the need of free public education by means of a free library. Mr. Tilden's will was a reproach to the rich men of the city. There has been the usual will contest, and his desires are not yet carried out, and meantime New York lags behind even little New England villages, while Chicago is about to enjoy what is promised to be the finest free public library in the country. Meantime, too, our wealthy citizens are urged to contribute ten million dollars for an Episcopal cathedral. We already have one cathedral in New York. Before building another, would it not be well to make sure of the broad, efficient and much-needed means of public education embodied in a free library? Let the Tilden library be erected, and let the donor's gifts be so supplemented that there shall be no possible restriction upon the library's usefulness. We do not argue against a cathedral, but when we think of the collections of the British Museum, and of the great libraries of Berlin and Paris, or even of the free libraries so plentiful in our country, it seems fitting and necessary that we should first assure to the people of New York a free library worthy of the American metropolis.

## GUNS FOR OUR COAST-DEFENSES.

IT is welcome news that the long discussion of the question of providing adequate defenses for our coasts and harbors has at length borne fruit in practical legislation. The conference committee of Congress, having charge of the Army Bill and the Fortifications Bill, that have so long held fire, have effected a compromise resulting in the preservation of the best features possessed by each or by the two in common. A Government gun plant is to be established at the Watervliet Arsenal, for which an appropriation of \$700,000 is made; and \$1,500,000 is appropriated for the purchase of steel forgings for 8-inch, 10-inch and 12-inch guns to be made up at these works. Of course, the \$5,000,000 originally named for this purpose in the Senate amendment to the House Army Bill would be more commensurate with the eventual requirements in this line; but the installment fixed upon is amply sufficient for a beginning. The new Bill also embodies Senator Hawley's plan for encouraging the competition of private manufacturers in the production of available ordnance, by the establishment of a Board for superintending the manufacture, testing and purchase of guns. An ultimate expenditure of \$6,500,000 is provided for, in the purchase of guns and mortars offered by outside competitors, if they come up to the established test. The Senate's proposal of \$500,000 for harbor-torpedoes has been reduced to \$200,000, and the \$500,000 proposed by the House for mortars has been reduced to \$250,000. Altogether, the total amount actually appropriated by the Bill as it stands is only \$3,972,000. The measure is a modest one, but it

assures a substantial beginning towards effective armament for the protection of our seaports. That plenty of work is cut out for both Government factories and private gunmakers for some years to come is attested by the single fact that the Fortifications Board asks for more than 500 guns, of eight, ten and twelve inch calibres, for the forts alone.

## A ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVAL.

THE marriage of Princess Letitia Bonaparte to her uncle, the Duke d'Aosta, at Turin, on Tuesday of last week, was the occasion of a real old-time imperial *fiesta* in the ancient Piedmontese capital on the Po. Gorgeous tapestries and banners were flung to the sunlight from the windows and balconies of old palaces; triumphal arches spanned the streets, and decorated barges lined the river-front. The civil ceremony—the signing of the marriage contract, etc.—took place in the memorial palace of the Savoy dynasty. This was followed by a grand procession of royal, State and ecclesiastical dignitaries, in which the three houses of Savoy, Bonaparte and Braganza were fully represented, to the adjoining chapel, where Cardinal Alimonda, Archbishop of Turin, officiated at the religious ceremony, in the celebration of which no splendor of the ritual was spared. The popular part of the wedding festivities was the gorgeous mediæval procession from the palace square, with the fair bride, King Humbert and the superb Queen Margherita of Italy, Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde in carriages, each preceded by a band of cavaliers, clad in costumes of bright and varied colors. These performed an equestrian quadrille, to the sound of silver trumpets, in the centre of the great plaza, around which the people were massed in a multitudinous circle. It was such a pageant as the Italian skies seem made to overarch. The picture, and not the politics, of this marriage is what has chiefly attracted the attention of the world; though of course not a little interest attaches to the union of the great Napoleon's grandniece to the brother of the King of Italy, and the possible successor to the throne. Through the usual complications of consanguineous relationship existing in this instance, the newly married Princess is made sister-in-law to her own mother, step-mother to one set of cousins (the Duke's grown-up children), and aunt to the remainder; while the Duke becomes son-in-law to his sister, nephew to his brother, and brother-in-law to his nephews.

The Greenback party, which was at one time something of a factor in our national politics, has shrunk to such meagre proportions as to be practically invisible. The National Convention of the party, held in a hotel-parlor in Cincinnati, last week, consisted of fifteen persons, and these contented themselves with a renewal of the demand for more money, and then adjourned without nominating a ticket. It is true that it was determined to hold a national convention next year for the purpose of "rehabilitating the party," but it is altogether improbable that this Greenback issue will ever reappear in a national campaign.

The Canadian Premier continues his ridicule of President Cleveland's menace of retaliation. In a recent address he declared that the Canadians can take care of themselves: "We are not afraid or dismayed at any threatened attempt to hamper our commerce or cripple our resources. While we should like to continue to trade with our neighbors in the freest manner, we can afford to do without it, and can afford to wait with calm self-respect the outcome of the matter." This is brave talk, but it is quite certain that it does not represent the real feeling of a large part of the Canadian people, who realize that the enforcement of the policy authorized by Congress would very seriously affect the prosperity of the Dominion.

The enterprising City of Augusta, down in Georgia, has suffered enormously during the last week from the floods in the Savannah River; but the citizens, with characteristic pluck and energy, have gone to work to repair the mischief done by the pitiless waters. While some of the city's industries will be temporarily deranged, and property to the value of one million dollars has been swept away, it is announced that the city will be fully prepared for the opening of Augusta's National Exhibition on the 10th proximo, and there is no doubt that this promise will be made good to the very letter. The coming Exposition has been planned on a broad and generous scale, and the indications are that it will attract large numbers of visitors from the North, as well as from the Southern States.

In a discussion in the United States Senate, last week, Mr. Sherman definitely announced that the Committee on Finance would report a "Republican Tariff Bill, designed to protect and foster American industries, as against the free-trade Mills Bill." He further stated that the Bill would be a careful revision of the tariff laws and of the internal-revenue laws. It would give to the men engaged in the arts the use of alcohol untaxed, and would sweep away the tobacco tax, giving that agricultural product fair and free play in this country. He added, however, that the Committee would take its time about it. Senator Allison stated that the proposed Bill would reduce the tariff at least \$20,000,000, and he explained that the delay in reporting the Bill had been caused by the necessity of giving hearings, not only to manufacturers, but also to workmen, to mechanics, to merchants, to laboring men, to foremen, to trades and to trades unions.

If we are to believe the statements made at the annual meeting of the National Protective Association of the Wine and Spirit Dealers, held in this city last week, the object of the men who make and sell strong drink in this country is to promote temperance and morality. "The great bulk of the liquor trade," said the President of the Association, "is as much opposed to drunkenness and crime as the Prohibitionists themselves." "We are all temperance men," said another, "in the true sense of the term, and one of our objects is to bring about a greater degree of temperance by elevating the character of the trade in all its branches." There is an innocent candor about these statements which is certainly refreshing, but perhaps they are quite as near the truth as the pretense of the ultra Prohibitionists, that they desire the suppression of the liquor traffic while opposing any measures to that end which does not originate with themselves.

There can be no doubt as to the attitude of Hon. Warner Miller on the liquor question in the present gubernatorial campaign in New York. Whether the Republican State Convention did or did not mean to commit the party squarely in favor of high-license legislation is matter of dispute; but if it lacked in courage and decision, its standard-bearer plainly means that there shall be no dodging of what he regards as the paramount issue of our State politics. In a recent speech, he declared: "In the coming contest I do not hesitate to say that I prefer to be beaten upon that question (of high-license) rather than succeed by subterfuge or double-

dealing. There is no doubt, and shall be none, about my position or that of the Republican party in this State." And he added in the same speech: "The question I shall put to the people is, whether any class or power shall be able to boast that they have the power to prevent the passage of every law prejudicial to their interests. If the people want a Government suitable to the liquor interest, they can have it by electing some one else." These are manly, straightforward words, and we cannot doubt that they will command the approval of right-thinking citizens.

The reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic at Columbus, O., last week, was an event of more than ordinary interest. The parades and reviews of the thousands of veterans who participated in the festivities and shared the gracious hospitality of the people of the city remind the nation of the debt which it owes to its defenders, and tend to quicken the popular appreciation of those heroic and patriotic virtues which constitute the strength and security of a free people. According to the address of the Commander-in-chief, the Grand Army now numbers about 400,000 members, but every year hundreds of comrades fall out of the ranks—as many as 4,433 having died last year; and the day is not distant when the last of the long line of heroes will go into the final bivouac "on the other side." As showing what the Order does for its members, it is stated that \$215,957 was last year expended in charity. The veterans may be sure that their just demands upon the public sympathy will never be dishonored.

The Massachusetts school troubles have assumed a new phase. The Boston Evangelical Union, expressing the wishes of many citizens, has petitioned that the State "resume control of public education and make attendance compulsory upon the children of school age and good health, except those who attend such private schools as are under the approval of the State." It will be remembered that the immediate cause of this trouble was the use in a Boston school of Swinton's "History," which sets forth the facts of the sale of indulgences by the priest Tetzel, against whom Luther delivered various philippics. This was made by Catholics the occasion of a demand for the removal of the teacher and the banishment of the book—a demand which was acceded to, and was followed by a vigorous protest of citizens in mass meeting assembled. This protest is followed, not only by the action of the Evangelical Union and others, but also by action upon the other side. A priest at Malden, Mass., has announced to his parishioners that at a meeting of Church dignitaries, held in Baltimore, general instructions were issued that all Catholic parents must send their children to parochial schools under pain of sin. Orders to this effect had been received from the Archbishop, and were at once obeyed. In the town of Waltham, so many Catholic children have been transferred to the parochial schools that two of the public schools have been closed. Much excitement has been caused, and the move has been termed an assault upon the public-school system. But so long as no demand upon the public treasury is made in behalf of sectarian schools, the Catholics are certainly acting within their rights. Nevertheless, it is most unfortunate on every account that sectarianism should be allowed to color lay education.

It will be well for investors hungry for large profits to learn caution from the recent report of the New Hampshire Bank Commission regarding loans on Western lands. The agents of Western loan and investment companies have done a considerable business in New Hampshire, as in other States, but there is no State control or regulation as in Connecticut. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the advisability of limiting by law the investments of savings-banks of the State outside of its limits, the Commission believes it necessary to have State supervision of the many foreign investment companies which are absorbing so much of the capital of New Hampshire. The report continues: "An unhealthy stimulus has been given to the entire Western investment business, . . . and there is much disregard of business principles in the management of these organizations. . . . Unless there is intelligent discrimination on the part of all classes of investors in Western securities, the next few years will be fruitful of loss and disaster. Western farm loans have been for many years profitable investments, and to-day, if made at about the legal rate of interest, with a view solely to the security of investment, they furnish a safe field for Eastern surplus capital. But the Western investment business has been taking a wider range. To no inconsiderable extent Eastern capital is used to boom Western localities, and money is not loaned on the intrinsic value of property, but on its prospective increase." The report of the New Hampshire Commission will receive much attention in New York and other States, where similar conditions have prevailed. The fact that the West has offered a high rate of interest, and often on good security, has attracted many investors, and, as usual, speculators have seized the opportunity, and the business has been carried too fast and too far. Yet this is the way with almost every business which promises unusual profit, but it will be well for investors to take account of risks and dangers, as well as possible profits.

NOW THAT colored children have been refused admittance to a Brooklyn public school, it will be well for some earnest people to cease their lamentations over the refusal of civil rights to colored people at the South, and to turn their energies to reformation at home. The Brooklyn case is certainly an extraordinary one. Five years ago the Board of Education passed a resolution that colored children should be allowed for one year to attend the same public schools as white children. It is not explained why a special permit was necessary to secure privileges already granted by the Civil Rights Bill, and privileges, moreover, which the people of a Northern city might have been expected to bestow gladly on their own account. Since then the number of colored children in the schools has rapidly increased, indicating a commendable desire for education, which one might think would have been recognized and encouraged. But it appears that there has been opposition, and now the Principal of an intermediate school has refused to admit colored children, on the ground that the resolution of the Board has become inoperative. It does not appear why the Principal took it upon himself to judge of the law and to exercise a function which belongs to his superiors. But he has evidently been influenced by, and indeed represents, a movement which is in progress to confine the education of colored children entirely to colored schools. This will not do. We cannot have Roman Catholic parochial schools nor German schools supported from the public funds. We cannot have religious or race distinctions recognized in our public schools. The American common-school system, than which the country has produced nothing more beneficent, rests upon the broad principle of freedom and equality. Our schools are open to all, whatever may be the nationality, religion or walk in life. This is the American principle, and it is a shameful thing that it should be impugned in the "City of Churches." The recognition of sectarian or race issues in our public schools means the destruction of a system upon which this Republic has been built up.



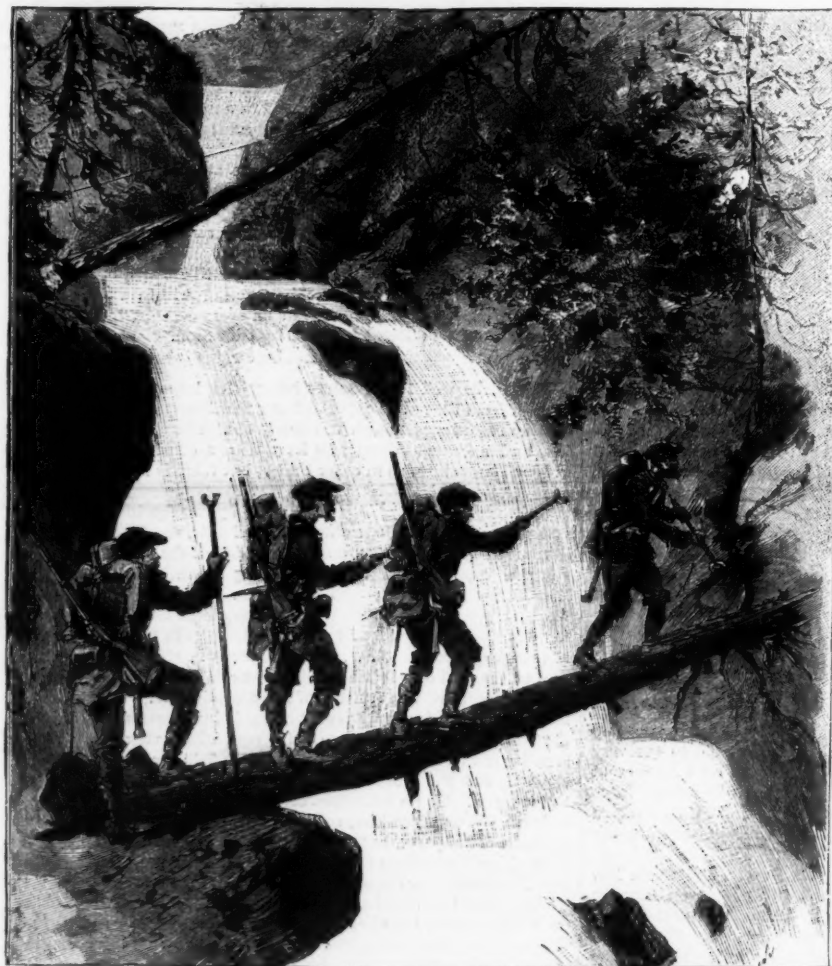
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



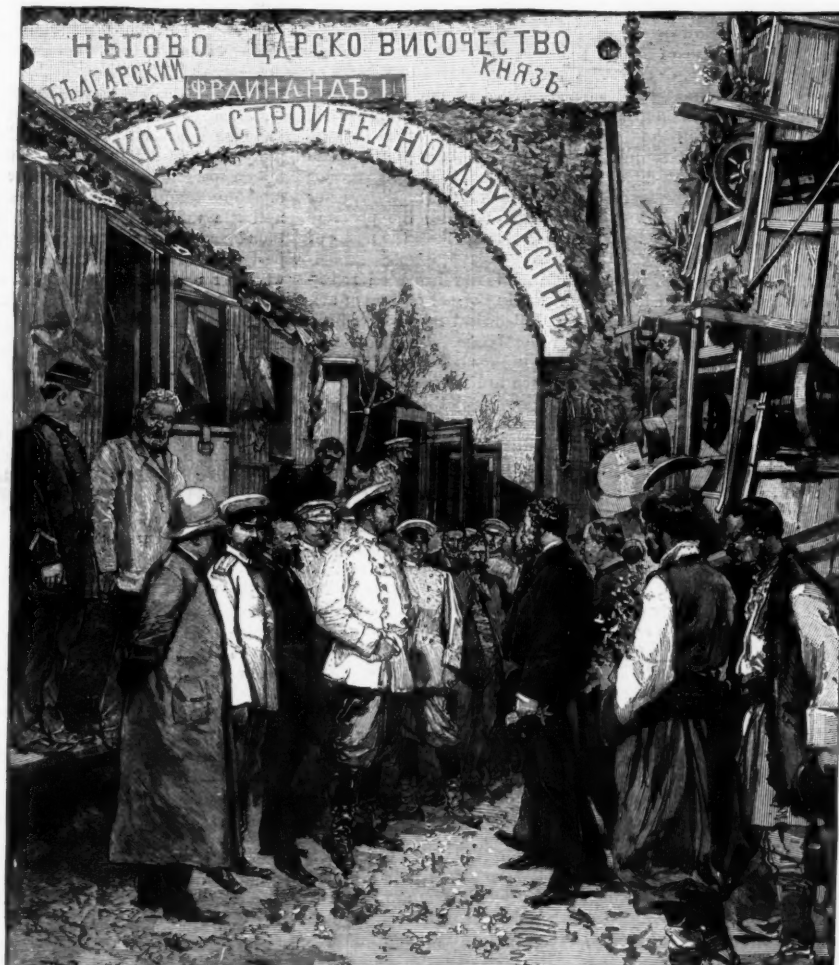
RUSSIA.—STATUE OF BOGDAN TCHMELNITZKI, AT KIEV.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU REBELLION—BRITISH DRAGOONS CARRYING NATIVE BABIES ACROSS THE UMVOLOBI.



FRANCE.—THE ALPINE MANOEUVRES—SOLDIERS CROSSING A CATARACT.



BULGARIA.—DEDICATION OF THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY LINE. PRINCE FERDINAND AND HIS MINISTERS AT VAKAREL.



Construction of the Machinery Hall.

FRANCE.—THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1889.



M. Contamin, Chief Engineer.



THE GUBERNATORIAL CONTEST IN NEBRASKA.

HON. JOHN MCSHANE, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

THE Democratic party of Nebraska are going to make a desperate effort to carry the State in November; and with this object in view, they have nominated as their candidate for Governor one of the most enterprising, public-spirited, popular and wealthy citizens in the State—Congressman McShane, the first Democrat elected from Nebraska, and by the unprecedented majority of 7,023, in a Republican stronghold, at the last Congressional election.

John McShane was born in New Lexington, Perry County, O., August 25th, 1850. He worked on a farm until twenty-one years of age, receiving during this quiet period of his life all the education he ever obtained, and that only what a country common school affords. With this meagre education, and accustomed to toil, Mr. McShane set out to carve his fortune in life, going to Wyoming Territory in 1871, where he became employed on a cattle ranch. Seeing in cattle-raising a prosperous business, after two years of practical apprenticeship and prudent saving, he made a venture in cattle on his own account in 1873, and thus laid the foundation for his subsequent financial success. In 1874 he left Wyoming and went to Omaha, and has since continuously resided there. He retained his cattle interests in Wyoming, individually, until 1883, when he merged them in the Bay State Live Stock Company. Clear-headed as to the future, Mr. McShane saw what Omaha might become, and with the energy, quick decision and strong determination for which he is noted, he soon became one of Omaha's most prominent and successful business men—always among the foremost to engage in any project for the development of the city's resources and the promotion of its general welfare. He was one of the promoters of the Union Stock Yards at South Omaha, and was elected President of the company, which office he still holds. This movement has proved to be an important factor in Omaha's prosperity, being the foundation of its great cattle trade and its packing business, which are constantly increasing, and are destined in a few years to surpass in volume those of any other Western city. In directing attention to Omaha's advantages as a cattle market and packing point, Mr. McShane has been especially active, and



NEBRASKA.—HON. JOHN M'SHANE, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.  
PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.



NEBRASKA.—GEN. JOHN M. THAYER, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.  
PHOTO. BY BRADY & HANDY.



OREGON.—THE STEAMER "HASSALO" SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER AT THE CASCADES.  
SEE PAGE 87.

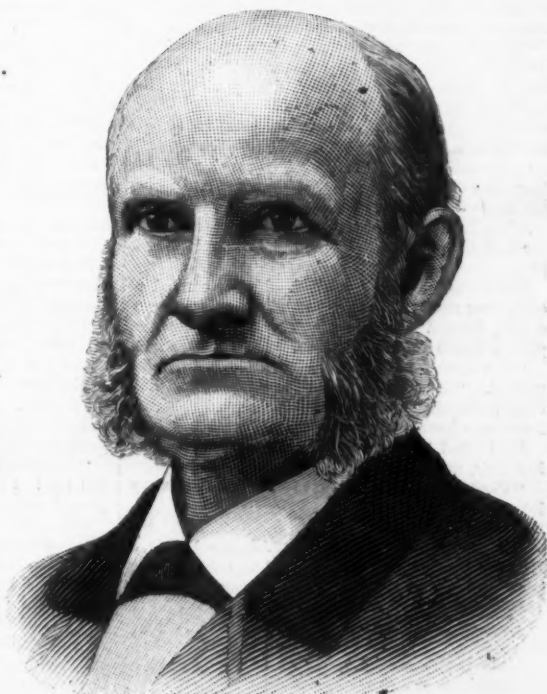
he has been instrumental in the removal of a considerable portion of the packing business of Chicago to South Omaha. He was one of the promoters of the South Omaha Land Syndicate, and is a director in the organization. He helped to organize the Union Stock Yards Bank in South Omaha, and is President of the institution; he is also a stockholder and director in the First National Bank of Omaha. Outside of these various enterprises, his attention is devoted to the care of his large real-estate interests in that city.

In 1880, Mr. McShane was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature from Omaha for two years. In 1882 he was elected to the State Senate for two years from the Senatorial district of which Douglas County forms a part, and was re-elected for another term in 1884. In 1886 he received the nomination of his party in the First Congressional District, his Republican competitor being Hon. Church Howe, and was elected by a plurality over Howe of 7,023, and a majority over all of 6,980. During Mr. McShane's service in the State Legislature, changes were made in the charter of Omaha, which enabled the City Government to enter upon a series of public improvements that have wholly changed the character of the city. In the formulation of these measures, Mr. McShane vigilantly and faithfully represented his constituents, and advocated the increased powers of the City Council, which were necessary to the end in view. In the larger field to which he has been called, he has proved a valuable and faithful representative of Nebraska's interests. He is a member of the Committees on Indian Affairs and Public Grounds and Buildings. One commendable characteristic in Mr. McShane's Congressional career is that he can always be found in his seat when the House is in session.

HON. JOHN M. THAYER, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE.

John Milton Thayer was born in Bellingham, Norfolk County, Mass., January 24th, 1820. He graduated from Brown University, studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and practiced his profession in the Bay State, before emigrating to the then "Far West," years ago. In 1854 he migrated to Nebraska, and helped to organize the Territory, participating in the construction of its Constitution and its early legislation.

When the Indian difficulties commenced, the Governor made Mr. Thayer a Brigadier-general, and placed him in command of



CONNECTICUT.—HON. LUZON B. MORRIS, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.  
SEE PAGE 87.



MASSACHUSETTS.—HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.  
PHOTO. BY HOLLAND & ROBERTS.—SEE PAGE 87.



the militia. He was subsequently appointed a Major-general. He has frequently been selected as a Commissioner to the Indian tribes, and on occasions commanded expeditions against them. From his youth up he was imbued with anti-slavery principles. In 1859 he was elected a member of the Convention for forming a State Constitution, and was subsequently a member of the higher branch of the Territorial Legislature. Upon the breaking out of the civil war, he raised the First Nebraska Infantry, and was made Colonel of the same, and served in Missouri during the first six months of the war. Reaching Fort Henry, General Grant placed Colonel Thayer in command of all the reinforcements arriving at that point. He was in the Fort Donelson battle, in the command of the second brigade of General Lew Wallace's division. He was also at the battle of Shiloh, in the command of the extreme right, and was made a Brigadier-general after the fight. He led one of the storming columns at Chickasaw Bayou; his horse was shot from under him at Arkansas Post; he was all through the siege of Vicksburg, and at the first and second capture of Jackson, Miss. He was afterward put in command of the "Army of the Frontier," and took part in the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, and other engagements. He was made a brevet Major-general for "distinguished services" in the War for the Union.

Returning to Nebraska after the war, he was elected a Senator to the Fortieth Congress, serving till the term ending 1871; was on the Committee of Military Affairs, of Indian Affairs, and of Patents; and was a delegate to the Chicago National Republican Convention which nominated General Grant for the Presidency. In 1875, President Grant made him Governor of Wyoming Territory, which office he held for some years. Since January, 1887, he has been Governor of Nebraska, and his party has endorsed his administration of the executive affairs of the State by nominating him for a second term. Considering the great popularity of the opposing candidate, the contest is likely to possess unusual interest.

#### PERFECTED.

Touch her still heart.  
It is so peaceful now, we will not weep, but part  
The waves of gold above her face,  
And bring her bridal robe of lace  
To be her shroud. Lay lilies on her breast,  
Cut in their radiant time, and lest  
She stir, touch not the burning ring she kept,  
Or that small circle braided in with love and  
words—wept  
Over as some hand which, held in hers,  
Might say "Aimée," and now but blurs  
The eyes with tears to look on. Stay;  
Sigh not to-day  
When she sleeps so, and, radiant in her rest,  
With all her love confessed,  
In that still coldness of rare beauty, know  
She triumphs, breaking from her woe  
To wake in that celestial glory, where to be  
Is life perfected—immortality.

GEO. KLINGLIE.

#### HIS DREAM-MAIDEN.

BY ETNA W. PIERCE.

ONE Spring twilight, in the year 1793, a man, young and handsome, sat writing in the chamber of a secluded house, not far from the old Electoral Palace of Mayence.

Suddenly he dropped his pen with a startled cry. The face of a woman, dim and yet perfectly distinct, had pushed betwixt him and his work. He looked up. It hung, flower-like, in the air above him. He rushed towards the open window—it was there, smiling sadly in the fading light. Adam Lux stretched out his arms passionately to the vision.

"Ah, you come to me again!" he said. "Who are you? Why do you pursue me? Beautiful shadow, whither shall I go to find your substance? Do you exist in the flesh, or are you only a spirit—delusive as maddening?"

A chime of bells pealed from the Church of St. Stephen. He could hear pigeons cooing in the court below his window. A fountain there dripped in a mossy stone basin. Adam Lux, the dreamer, scholar, enthusiast, remained with outstretched arms and eyes fixed on the invisible.

"For the second time you have appeared to me," he murmured, "and whether you be a reflection of earth or of heaven, I love you, dream-maiden! Better your impalpable presence than the fairest flesh and blood! I love you! Stay beside me always—leave me never again!"

"Adam—Cousin Adam!" a girl's voice called from the court below; "quit your stupid writing and come down to me. It is I—Margarethe."

Adam Lux passed his hand across his eyes. The voice of Margarethe dissolved the spell which held him.

His dream-maiden vanished. He descended a corkscrew stair to a court full of shadows, where a girl, dressed as for a fête, stood dabbling her plump hands in the fountain.

"You have forgotten my birthday, cousin," she pouted. "Of late you think of nothing but liberty, fraternity, equality, like those mad folks in Paris who have cut off the head of their King."

He looked at her white gown—at the roses in her hair, and colored slightly.

"Pardon me—I did forget! I am but a sorry lover, Margarethe."

She sighed deeply.  
"You are no lover of mine, Adam—ours is a betrothal of hands, not of hearts. Our parents arranged it, and already you find it tiresome. You care nothing for love."

He took a turn across the court. He had a fine, blonde face, with dark brows arching over violet eyes, and flaxen hair, slightly powdered. A strange smile appeared on his lips.

"I love—not flesh and blood, Margarethe, but a phantom, a shadow," he answered, with his eyes full of dreams. "Listen! It came to me one night as I was walking in the gardens of the

Electoral Palace; a woman's face, white as marble—white as one of the garden lilies, just blown; in the chin a deep dimple; about the perfect mouth an expression of sadness and gravity; a face with great eyes of unfathomable darkness, fringed with lashes as black as night; and hair dark also, and lustrous, the full rich curls, tipped with auburn, falling against a neck like a column of pearl."

"Oh!" cried Margarethe, in dismay, "how very beautiful she must be! Surely there is no woman like that in all Mayence!"

"True," he answered, "nor in the world, I fear. It is the ghost of some Greek goddess that has gotten into the cells of my brain, and will not be dislodged. To-night she came to me again in the chamber above-stairs—she smiled on me, as though she knew that her fair lineaments were burned for ever into my heart. It was your voice that frightened her away."

Tears stood in Margarethe's eyes. She was jealous and perplexed.

"And this phantom, this shadow-woman, made you forget both me and my birthday?" she cried. "Your head is turned, Adam—such folly will destroy you yet." And she began to weep bitterly.

His manner changed at once.

"It was wrong of me to tell you these things," he said. "You are a mere child, Margarethe, with the heart of a child. Come, let us talk of other matters. A great honor has been conferred upon me by the people of Mayence—I have been chosen a Deputy, to go to Paris, and request the annexation of this city to France."

"Paris!" sobbed Margarethe. "That is a long way off! When will you go?"

"To-morrow—by diligence."

"You will never, never come back, Adam!"

"God only knows," he answered, quietly.

Lux was an ardent Republican. The mission to Paris suited him well. His handsome head was full of other and even more dangerous phantoms than dream-maidens. On the following day he kissed poor, weeping Margarethe good-by in the old court, and started for the French capital, where Jean Paul Marat was then at the height of his terrible power.

Lux took lodgings in the Rue St. Honoré, and hurried to the Convention, to solicit, in the name of German Republicans, the annexation of his native city to France.

The Chamber on that day was full of tumult. Marat, hideous, loud-mouthed, preaching massacre and anarchy, was the leader of *La Montagne*. As he ranted in the tribune, Adam Lux looked at him in disgust. His head was too large for his body; his lean, sickly face was unspeakably repulsive. He wore a patched and dirty waistcoat, cotton-velvet trousers, stained with ink, shoes full of nails and tied with packthread, a ragged shirt open at his bony breast, and greasy hair confined with a leather thong. On his deeply cleft mouth a sardonic grin appeared continually. His look was full of insolence and power.

"A monster in body and in soul!" thought Adam Lux, who found the external aspects of liberty in Paris far from pleasant.

July came. One hot and breathless night, Lux left the Convention in a dejected frame of mind. He felt mocked, deluded, discouraged. There was a vile scent of blood in the streets of Paris. Women passed him, singing *Ça ira* and the dreadful *Carmagnole*. A score of high and haughty heads had fallen since morning in the sack of sawdust at the foot of the guillotine. He stopped on the Pont Neuf to look at the sunset behind the trees of the Champs Elysées, and the houses of Chaillot. That, too, seemed a vast streak of blood. With a shudder he turned and walked away to the gardens of the Palais Royal.

There the young Deputy began pacing aimlessly about, absorbed in unhappy thought. Presently he heard a light step. A woman was advancing towards him under the galleries. She wore a white gown, a Norman *coiffe* fastened with a ribbon, and a silk *fichu* on her shoulders. Adam Lux saw a face, young and of amazing beauty—the skin like alabaster, the splendid eyes unfathomably dark—a mass of chestnut curls, with auburn tips, clustering against a dazzling neck. It was his dream-maiden in the flesh, the substance of that mysterious shadow which had twice appeared to him in his own City of Mayence!

With an absorbed air she glided by, looking about as if in search of something. Her white dress brushed him gently. His heart gave a furious bound. He turned and followed her.

She entered the shop of a cutler; the young Deputy entered also. She advanced to a counter, and said something to the man behind it. Lux failed to catch the words, but the rich, cultivated voice was that of a born gentleman.

The cutler produced a tray of knives. In the shadow of the shop-door Adam Lux saw her select one—a poniard-knife, with an ebony haft.

"The price?" she asked.

"Three francs, *citoyenne*," answered the cutler.

She put the money on the counter, concealed the knife under her silk kerchief, and returned to the garden. As she seated herself on one of the stone benches abutting on the arcades, Adam Lux paused at her side.

"For God's sake," he entreated, "tell me who you are! I have known you for a long time, but your name—what is your name?"

She started and looked up.

"You have known me for a long time, *citoyen*?"

She echoed, gravely. "I do not understand you."

Nobody was near—only a light wind moved through the chestnut-trees.

"What!" he cried, with keen disappointment; "you do not see that we are not strangers? Your soul claims no acquaintance with mine?"

"None!"

He choked down his agitation as best he could.

"I am the Deputy from Mayence," he said, trying to speak calmly. "It was at Mayence that you twice appeared to me. For days and weeks my

sleeping and waking dreams have been full of you. I recognized you the instant that I saw you in this garden—it was just before you entered the cutler's shop."

A slight alarm dawned in her eyes. Her hand went up to her silk *fichu*, under which she had hidden the knife. Did she think him a madman?

"One should not dream in these perilous days, *citoyen*," she said, sternly. "There is little profit in dreams. He who loves liberty must act."

He was devouring her with his eyes.

"I perceive that you are an aristocrat; you belong to the nobles, but your name—your name?" he insisted.

She smiled sadly.

"Pardon, I cannot tell it now, *citoyen*, but before many hours it will be in every mouth."

She arose from the bench. He put out a hand to detain her. Her beauty dazzled, overpowered him.

"Stay! Stay!" he entreated. "Do not leave me—I love you ardently. Strange, incomprehensible as this passion may seem to you, it will either save or destroy me. I claim you! Whoever you are, know that you belong to me; or why were you revealed to me in the spirit before my eyes could look on your living, breathing beauty? If you go like this, leaving me no clue to your whereabouts, I may never see you again, and to lose you now would be anguish greater than death."

Gravely, coldly she answered: "Do not talk to me of love, *citoyen*; I cannot comprehend you—I belong only to France! Before the Revolution I was a Republican. You will surely see me again, and then, with a strange and solemn expression, 'you will understand everything. Now, *citoyen*, adieu!"

"Swear," he urged, wildly, "that it shall be so—that I shall see you again."

"I swear!" she answered, and moved rapidly away.

He did not attempt to follow her, but leaned against the stone bench in a sort of delirious ecstasy. His dream-maiden really existed. He had heard her voice—looked into her eyes. She had promised that he should see her again, and he knew she would keep her word.

Another day dawned and dwindled. It was the 13th of July, the anniversary eve of the fall of the Bastille. The heat was intense, and the streets of Paris swarmed with people. Adam Lux left the Convention at twilight. Marat the Horrible was ill; he had not appeared in the Chamber that day. Engrossed with his mysterious love, rather than the affairs of the Republic, Adam Lux dined at a *café* with other Deputies. This company talked gravely, as became men who walked on the crust of a volcano. Some one proposed a toast to Marat. A Montagnard filled the glass of the Mayence Deputy. Adam Lux just touched his lips to the wine, then dashed it on the floor.

"Bah!" he said, with disgust; "it smells of his crimes. I cannot drink it!"

Hardly were the words out when Henriot, the commandant of the National Guards, appeared in the door of the *café*.

"Look to yourselves, Deputies!" he shouted; "Marat is dead! He has just been assassinated in his bath, and by the hand of a young girl."

The Deputies with one accord rushed into the street. A terrific mob was surging by, filling the air with cries and curses. Lux found himself swept away with it to the Rue des Cordeliers, where Marat lived with the woman Evrard. It was a small, dilapidated house, and about its door that raging, roaring multitude surged like a sea. Yes; the leader of *La Montagne* had been stabbed to death in his bath, and by the hand of a woman! Adam Lux, pressing up to the threshold, looked and saw the murderess coming down the stair, her arms pinioned, bayonets surrounding her, the flambeaux of the gendarmes glaring upon a face which had in it the sublimity of supreme sacrifice. Great God, it was his dream-maiden!

The mob, shrieking for blood, choked the way, and brought the *cortège* to a stand. There she stood in the midst of the soldiers, the torchlight reddening her marble skin and rich, falling hair—a vision of beauty and youth such as that yelling populace had never seen before.

"*Mon Dieu!* it is the face of an angel," said a woman, near Adam Lux. "Who is she?"

Another voice answered: "An aristocrat, who has journeyed from Caën to do this deed—her name is Charlotte Corday."

A squad of fusiliers rushed up and cleared a passage for the prisoner.

"Poor people!" murmured Charlotte Corday, looking with pitying eyes upon the howling mob, "you wish my death, when you owe me an altar for delivering you from a monster!"

She was hurried into a hackney-coach, and conveyed to the nearest prison—the Abbaye. Mute and pale with unspeakable emotions, Adam Lux followed her. He was present at her examination, which lasted far into the night. In the pocket of the prisoner's gown were found a silver thimble, some implements of needlework, two hundred francs, a gold watch and her passport. The weapon which Lux had seen her purchase in the cutler's shop was shown to her.

"Do you recognize this knife?" the examiners asked.

"Yes," she answered, turning from it with a shudder of disgust.

"What led you to the crime?"

"I killed one man to save thousands."

It was eight o'clock of a July morning, when up the dark, steep stair in the basement-wall of the Palais of Justice the gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday to her trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. As she took her place on the bench of the prisoners, the maledictions of the people died away in murmurs of admiration. Never before had Murder worn such an aspect. Her beauty was marvelous; her firmness and intrepidity amazed even her judges.

"Details are needless," she said, calmly. "It was I who killed Marat."

"What did you think to effect by it?"

"Restore peace to my country. I took his life to save the land."

"Why did you hate him?"

"For his crimes."

"Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"Since he is dead, the others will tremble!"

Adam Lux was seated near the prisoner. His eyes never left her face. When the President of the Tribunal passed sentence of death, the Mayence Deputy leaped from his chair, and extended his arms in passionate protest.

"No! no!" he cried, wildly. "For the love of God, no!"

It was the only voice raised against her fate, and she recognized the man who had conceived for her such a strange and mystic passion; he was faithful in this terrible hour—he dared to speak in the face of her judges. She turned and thanked him with an eloquent look. As though a sword had pierced his heart, Adam Lux reeled, and went down in a swoon to the floor of the Tribunal.

The gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday back to the prison. With perfect composure she made ready for the scaffold. As Sanson, the executioner, entered to prepare her for death, she took from his hand the scissors, cut a long curl of her chestnut hair, and gave it to Madame Richard, the wife of the jailer.

"Send this, with my fervent thanks," she said, "to the Deputy from Mayence."

The liberatrix of France could not die without a message and a token to the last friend left to her. Sanson arrayed her in the red robe of a murderess, cut her magnificent hair, and then bound her slender wrists.

"This," she said, "is the toilet of death, arranged by rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

As the death-cart left the prison a terrific storm burst over Paris, but the countless swarms of people in the squares and streets remained undiminished. The furious fishwives shrieked around the tumbril. Charlotte Corday did not seem to hear them—much less to resent their insults. Her face wore an unearthly beauty and serenity; there was no shadow of fear upon it. Sanson, the executioner, who rode in the same cart, was deeply impressed.

"I often turned round to look at her," he says, "and the more I saw, the more I wished to see. It was not on account of her beauty, great as that was, but I thought it impossible that she could remain so calm and courageous."

At the entrance of the Rue St. Honoré a man stood awaiting the death-cart. He carried his hat in his hand—the rain pelted on his fair hair. It was Adam Lux, haggard, pale as ashes. He bowed deeply to the prisoner. She started slightly, and a smile of pensive sweetness appeared for an instant on her lips. He stepped behind the tumbril, and, with uncovered head, followed it to the foot of the scaffold.

"He engraved in his heart," as he wrote afterwards, "her unutterable sweetness amid the barbarous outcries of the crowd. Her eyes," he declares, "should have melted a stone." In them he saw a soul as tender as it was intrepid.

Attended by this mysterious love, Charlotte Corday went to the guillotine. As the cart reached the Place Révolution, the executioner, whose heart had been softened by the beauty and courage of his young victim, put himself before her to hide the death-instrument, but she begged him to step aside.

"I have a right to be curious," she said. "This is the first time I see it."

As she mounted the scaffold, her eyes fell upon Adam Lux, who stood at its foot. She smiled and looked quickly up to the Summer sky, where the clouds were now breaking. It was a farewell, and also a promise of future meeting. The next moment she had placed herself under the knife. Legros, one of the varlets of the guillotine, raised the beautiful, severed head, and struck it on the cheek. A deep crimson instantly suffused the face, as though dignity and modesty had outlasted life.

The next day a man entered the Convention, so haggard, so changed, that he was hardly recognized as the handsome young Deputy from Mayence. With the recklessness of one who had no more to fear or to hope, he ascended the tribune, and began to impeach and attack the Mountain. In vain his friends warned him to desist. Hotly, fiercely he vindicated the young Norman lady who had sacrificed her own life to rid France of a wholesale assassin. He published the "Apology of Charlotte Corday," and was immediately arrested and sent to the Abbaye Prison. As he entered its sinister door, he flung up his hat, and cried joyfully: "I shall die, then, for her!"

He was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. When the act of accusation was read to him, he said, with a scornful, curling lip:

"I am a stranger to your laws as well as to your crimes. If I have deserved punishment, it is not among Frenchmen that I should suffer."

From his prison he wrote a farewell letter to poor little Margarethe, far away in the secluded house at Mayence.

"I die for the woman I love," he said. "On the scaffold her spirit awaits mine. Death will unite us. I go with a glad heart, for I no longer desire life."

He dressed himself for the scaffold like a bridegroom for the presence of his bride. His blue coat was embroidered with gold thread. His powdered hair, his breeches, and waistcoat of white satin and frills of finest lace, gave him the air of a courtier. "At last I shall see her again," he said, pressing to his lips the chestnut curl the jailer's wife had given him.

He mounted the guillotine with a smile on his lips and a rapt, uplifted look in his eyes.



"At last!" he repeated, and stretched himself on the weigh-plank.  
So ended one of the strangest attachments the world ever knew—or was this only its beginning?

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### MONUMENT TO BOGDAN TCHERMELITZKI.

DURING the recent festivities on the occasion of the ninth centenary of Christianity in Russia, a splendid monument was dedicated, at Kiev, to Bogdan Tchemelnitzki, who in 1654 brought about a union of Little Russia, of which he was Hetman, with Russia proper, or Muscovy. Up to that time Little Russia had been independent, and at war successively with Poland, Russia and Turkey. Being persuaded that his country could not continue as an independent State, Bogdan induced his countrymen to join Russia, which was of the same race and faith as Little Russia. With the aid of this alliance Russia easily achieved the conquest of Poland. The equestrian statue represents Bogdan in the uniform of his rank, pointing with the sceptre towards Moscow. It stands upon a granite pedestal seventy feet high. On the sides of the pedestal are bronze plates with the inscriptions: "To Bogdan Tchemelnitzki. One and undivided Russia—1654-1888." "We desire to be under allegiance to the Orthodox Czar."

#### CAMPAIGNING IN ZULULAND.

An amusing sketch illustrates a novel incident of the recent British expedition against Dinuzulu, the son of Cetewayo, who recently attacked his old rival, Usibepu, and who in June put himself in open antagonism to the British authorities. Before the rebel chieftain was captured, the Zulus were attacked and driven out of their stronghold in the fastness of Slobokulu Mountain, with great slaughter. The allies of the British in this fight were the friendly Basutos known as "native police," whose families the dragoons in the picture are seen transferring across a river.

#### FRENCH ALPINE GUARDS.

In view of the present strained relations between France and Italy, special interest attaches to the chosen regiments of mountain guards which both countries maintain on their respective sides of the Alpine frontier. France has now a force of twelve battalions, with a battery of artillery attached to each, available for this mountain service, and ready to repel an invasion by way of Savoy. The Alpini wear the Bernese cap, something like a Scotch bonnet, and carry alpenstocks. In the course of the recent experimental maneuvers, they performed with ease the most daring feats practiced by the native mountaineers among the perilous peaks and ravines.

#### THE NEW BULGARIAN RAILWAY LINE.

Last month marked the completion of the new railroad through Bulgaria to Constantinople, now bringing Paris within about three and a half days of the Bosphorus. The train inaugurating the direct railway service between the two capitals passed through Sofia on the 12th ult. A grand banquet was given in honor of the occasion, at which Prince Ferdinand presided. The scene depicted in the illustration is the arrival of Prince Ferdinand and his Ministers of State at the station of Vakarand, just across the boundary-line of Eastern Roumelia, and about midway between Sofia and Philippopolis. It was here that the final section of the line was completed.

#### THE PARIS EXPOSITION MACHINERY HALL.

The vast structure which is to house an unprecedented representation of the world's inventive genius in the department of machinery, at the Paris Exposition next year, is already well advanced towards completion, as may be seen from our engraving copied from the *Illustration*. The mighty hall will be in itself a mechanical marvel. Its length is 1,260 feet, and the framework consists of a series of arched girders of iron, having the enormous span of 330 feet—by far the largest ever attained. These girders are articulated, and rest upon pivots at both base and apex. The chief engineer in charge of the work, and whose portrait is given, is M. Contamin, of the Central School of Arts and Manufactures.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE PLAGUE.

UNFAVORABLE weather and the lack of proper facilities for taking care of the sick, added to the steady progress of the yellow-fever plague, in Florida, made last week the darkest one thus far passed. Jacksonville's daily death-list rose to a dozen or fifteen, while the number of new cases reported every twenty-four hours ranged from forty to sixty. It is estimated that there have been thirty per cent. more cases, principally very mild, than have been reported to the Board of Health. Probably there have been nearly 900 cases in the city, and 300 or 400 are under treatment now. Refugee trains leave daily for the various quarantine camps, which have undergone much-needed improvements. Liberal contributions are coming in from all parts of the Union. The work of relief will probably not be hampered for lack of funds in the future, but there has been an urgent demand for more nurses and physicians. This demand was made last week, and met with prompt and generous responses. By the direction of Miss Clara Barton, President of the National Red Cross Society of America, Colonel Fred. R. Southmayd, the member for Louisiana, left New Orleans for Jacksonville on Tuesday, the 11th inst., taking with him eighteen experienced yellow-fever nurses. Before leaving New Orleans, Colonel Southmayd made arrangements for obtaining any number of additional nurses that the exigencies may require. On Wednesday, the 12th inst., fourteen nurses sailed from New York city by the steamer *Delaware* to Fernandez, as volunteers to nurse and tend the yellow-fever sufferers at Jacksonville. Miss Sadie Travis, who went out under the auspices of the Florida committee, belongs to the Red Cross Society and the Order of the Daughters of the King. She has had much experience in different hospitals, under various prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, and she had the yellow fever in Texas during the great Memphis epidemic. According to the directions that she has followed and been given in yellow-fever cases, the patient is given just as little medicine as possible, is made to lie high above the ground, and encouraged to sleep by day rather than by night. Nothing but liquid food is given the patient during his sickness; he is sprayed with tepid water, and made to keep his bed several days after the fever leaves him. Miss Travis took a large number of rubber blankets, a quantity of liquid food, and other necessities.

A shock was caused by the sudden announce-

ment that Professor Richard A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer and writer, had died of yellow fever, at the Willard Parker Hospital, in this city, on Wednesday evening of last week. Professor Proctor reached New York on Monday, having traveled by rail from his farm, called Oak Lawn, in Marion County, Fla. His family remained at Oak Lawn and he came here alone. It was his intention to sail for England in the steamship *Umbria* on Saturday, and his passage on the vessel had been engaged in advance. He was taken ill on the day of his arrival, and isolated on Tuesday, the day before his death. This sad case, the only one of the kind that has appeared here, was purely of sporadic origin, Professor Proctor having undoubtedly contracted the fever on the train by which he left Florida.

Professor Richard Anthony Proctor was born in London, England, in the district known as Chelsea, on March 23d, 1837. In 1848 he was sent to school at a large academy in Milton-on-Thames, where he remained until 1851, by which time he had worked his way to the top of the school. In 1850 his father died, and Richard became a clerk in the London Joint Stock Bank in 1854, but he employed all his spare time in studying mathematics. In the Fall of 1855, Mrs. Proctor succeeded to the estate of her husband's half-brother without having to go to law about it, and Richard bade goodbye to the bank, and entered his name as a student at King's College, London. This was in October, and at the Christmas examination, that same year, young Proctor, then only eighteen, stood first in his classes. After barely a year's study at King's College he joined his elder brother at St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1860 he was graduated as Bachelor of Arts, and before the year was out he was married. For three years he studied history and literature, and it was only when the death of his firstborn, in 1863, drove him to seek distraction in more engrossing studies, that he returned to his first love, mathematics, and began to study astronomy. In December, 1863, he published a paper on "Double Stars" in the *Cornhill Magazine*. In 1864 he began a series of investigations in regard to the great ringed planet of the solar system, the fruits of which were ultimately embodied in his treatise on "Saturn and his System." In preparing this work he had to make many maps, and from them grew his "Gnomonic Star Atlas," which in turn suggested his "Handbook of the Stars." About this time a bank in London in which he was interested failed, and Mr. Proctor lost the whole of his fortune. He set to work at once to make another fortune, and his facile pen has never since been idle. In 1866 he was elected a member of the Royal Astronomical Society, and in 1868 he obtained a seat in its council. In 1874 he was chosen one of its honorary secretaries. Meanwhile he was bringing out his books in rapid succession. He probably did more than any other one person to popularize the study of astronomy. In 1867 appeared his "Constellation Seasons," "Sun Views of the Earth," and "Charts of Mars." In 1868 he issued "Half Hours with the Telescope," followed in 1869 by "Half Hours with the Stars." In 1870 he achieved his first notable success with "Other Worlds Than Ours." In 1872 he published no fewer than five books. In 1873 he visited this country and delivered lectures in several leading cities on various phases of astronomy. The lectures did much to stimulate general interest in that fascinating and inexhaustible study. About the end of 1875 he again visited America and made another extensive lecture tour. Later, he found a stronger tie to bind him to America. His first wife having died, he married in 1881, at St. Joseph, Mo., Miss Sallie D. Crowley, of that city. For some time he made St. Joseph his home. Professor Proctor's great ambition when he came to this country was to found a monster observatory at Corona, Orange Lake, Fla. He had been offered the assistance of a great many wealthy people, but when everything was ready the plan fell through. He was, however, charmed with the climate of Florida, and had proposed to make his home there permanently.

#### SHOT THE COLUMBIA RIVER RAPIDS.

DURING the past thirty years the great rapids of the Columbia River have been run by sixteen steamers. Most of these boats have come through the perilous watery gantlet without material damage; but several have been sunk, though afterwards raised and repaired. All that have shot these mighty rapids have been more or less strained or shaken up. The main rapids are over 3,000 feet long. The Columbia at that point is about half a mile wide. Through this stupendous rock gorge the vast floods of one of the largest streams on the American Continent rushes with resistless force seaward. Only at the highest stages of water is the attempt ever made to shoot these rapids. From the Upper to the Lower Cascades the distance is seven miles. Just opposite the Upper Cascades, on the main rapids, but for the distance of seven miles, the majestic stream pours and brawls over the great rugged and rock-ribbed channel. After having made the dangerous passage of the first 3,000 feet, the remainder of the run is comparatively easy, though by no means unattended with peril even to the oldest, bravest and most experienced pilots. The first boat which ever came over was the old *Unatilla*, and she drifted over by accident, with the officers and crew on board. One man leaped overboard and perished, but the rest staid with the boat and were saved. This was over thirty years ago.

Since that period the following steamers have been piloted through the great rolling and tumbling masses of water: the *Oreonda*, *Okanagan*, *Nix Perce*, *Chief*, *Shoshone*, *Teaser*, *Idaho*, *R. R. Thompson*, *Mountain Queen*, *barge Atlas*—a very large wharf-boat—*Gold-dust*, *General Humphreys*, and several other large craft.

The last boat brought safely down was the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's beautiful stern-wheel steamer *Hassalo*. There was a large excursion got up from Portland and other points, and a great crowd was collected at the Upper Cascades. Fully 3,500 witnessed the daring and dauntless run made by the *Hassalo*. For a long distance both banks of the river were thronged with eager, expectant spectators—literally black with humanity. The sight was a thrilling one.

The dangerous passage was made in the afternoon, the *Hassalo* leaving the wharf, a quarter of a mile above the upper edge of the rapids, at 3:45 o'clock. For a moment after reaching the channel the boat seemed to halt, like an eagle poised for a long and lofty flight, then, with her sharp and glistening prow aimed at the great roaring breach, she shot towards the green, rolling masses. From shore to shore the first line of the rapids stretched like a cordon of breakers, and thundering like the tumultuous surf. With a full head of steam, the *Hassalo* entered the upper break in the waters, and here receiving the first impulse of the mighty current, made a plunge that thrilled the crowd

as if touched by an electric shock. Crossing the break, the steamer rose, pointing her bow upward at a sharp angle, and then blindly plunged downward as if going to the bottom; but she came up with the buoyancy of a cork, and now having committed herself to the mercy of the rapids, flew with the speed of an arrow through and over the surging, boiling waters.

Less than thirty seconds elapsed from the time the *Hassalo* entered the crest of the rapids until she had passed from view around the abrupt bend in the river, going with a tremendous rate of speed. So quick were the rapids shot that the feat was accomplished almost before the crowds could realize it. After passing from view, the steamer flew down the shining course at locomotive speed, and never paused in her wild career until the Lower Cascades was reached. The distance was made in less than eleven minutes.

#### HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL,

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HON. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, who has been chosen the standard-bearer of the Democratic party of Massachusetts, is a native of the city in which he has so long been a leading citizen, Cambridge, and where he was born on the 6th of January, 1857. He is a son of Hon. Charles Theodore Russell. He received his early training in the public schools of Cambridge, in which he prepared for Harvard College, entering that institution in 1873, and graduating in the Class of 1877, of which he is still the secretary. After his graduation he commenced the study of the law under his father's eye, and also took a course of two years at the Boston University Law School. While a student at the law school he won the prize offered by the late William Beach Lawrence for the best essay on "Foreign Judgments, their Extra Territorial Force and Effect." At the graduation exercises in 1879 he was class orator. He received the first "Summa cum Laude" degree as Bachelor of Laws ever given by the University. Mr. Russell was admitted to the Suffolk Bar at the April term of 1880, and at once commenced practice as a member of the law firm of C. T. & T. H. Russell, having the same association to-day, with offices in State Street. Mr. Russell's political affiliations have always been Democratic. In 1881 he became a candidate for, and was elected a member of, the Cambridge Common Council, and a year later became a member of the upper branch of the City Government. He was re-elected to the Board of Aldermen in 1883, in the same year being elected President of the Alumni of the Boston Law School. In 1884, Mr. Russell received the nomination of his party and the "Citizens" for the Mayoralty of Cambridge, and was elected by a large majority. In all, he has held the office for four terms. During his administration three very important matters in the history of Cambridge were dealt with—namely, the establishment of the water-works, the erection of a new bridge between Cambridge and Boston, and the gift and establishment of a free public library, reading-room, and other public institutions. Mayor Russell, though a believer in license, when the citizens of Cambridge voted "no license," had the law strictly enforced. He took a very active interest in the campaign of 1884, being at that time President of the Middlesex County Democratic Club. At the Democratic State Convention of 1887, Mr. Russell was a prominent candidate for the gubernatorial nomination; but, though he had a strong following, the honor was conferred upon Mr. Lovering.

#### JUDGE LUZON B. MORRIS,

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

HON. LUZON B. MORRIS, of New Haven, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Connecticut, is a representative of the conservative elements of his party—a man of high integrity and admitted executive capacity. He was born in Newtown, Conn., April 16th, 1827, and was educated at Yale College, graduating in the Class of 1854. He then studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1856, and has practiced in New Haven County ever since his admission. He has been elected to the State House of Representatives for six terms—first in 1855, and then in the years 1856, 1870, 1876, 1880 and 1881. In 1874 he was elected to the State Senate, and served as President *pro tem* of the body. Mr. Morris, in 1857, was elected Probate Judge for the New Haven Probate, and served in that capacity for six years. He was appointed by the Legislature of the State of Connecticut, in 1855, as Chairman of the Commission to revise the Probate Laws of the State, which revision was adopted, and is now in force.

Judge Morris is now, and has been for many years, Vice-president of the Connecticut Savings Bank. He has been a member of the New Haven Board of Education, and has acted as its President. He has also held numerous local offices. The platform upon which Judge Morris stands indorses the President's last annual Message, the Mills Bill and the President's retaliation policy, demands free wool and a secret ballot, and protests against extending to "partisan Boards the authority to issue and control liquor licenses." A demand is made for a Constitutional change, so that a plurality should elect a Governor.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 8th.—In Bristol, R. I., Charles F. Herreshoff, boatbuilder, aged 80 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., William G. Meir, a well-known Louisville tobaccoist, aged 49 years. September 9th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Frank Weidner, editor and proprietor of the German weekly *Reform*, aged 48 years; in Providence, R. I., Dr. William von Gottschalk, aged 60 years; in Wilkesbarre, Pa., J. H. Swayer, a well-known coal operator, aged 56 years; in Lexington, Mass., William B. Wood, a well-known business man of Boston, aged 58 years; in Westport, Conn., Captain Franklin Sherwood, of the Gulf Steamship Line, aged 77 years. September 10th.—In Charleston, West Va., W. A. Quarrier, a prominent member of the West Virginia Bar. September 11th.—In Spring Valley, N. Y., Dr. J. S. Wighton, aged 60 years. September 12th.—In New York, Professor Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer; in Pittsburgh, Pa., J. Newton Gotthold, the eminent actor, aged 51 years. September 13th.—In Stockton, Cal., Hon. John C. Edwards, ex-Governor of Missouri, aged 84 years; in Wellsboro, Pa., Dr. C. K. Thompson, Secretary of the Pension Examining Board, aged 67 years. September 14th.—In Newark, N. J., Franklin Satterthwaite, sporting writer, aged 46 years; in Trenton, N. J., ex-Mayor John Woolverton, aged 63 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

J. L. M. CURRY, United States Minister to Spain, has tendered his resignation, and will leave Havre for home on September 22d.

THE Prince of Wales distinguished himself at Homburg, not long ago, by drinking fourteen glasses of spring water before breakfast.

It is said that Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, will shortly go to England to confer with Lord Salisbury concerning the fisheries trouble.

THE President has nominated Lambert Tree, of Illinois, now Minister to Belgium, to be United States Minister to Russia, to succeed George V. N. Lothrop, resigned.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who was taken dangerously ill at Sag Harbor, L. I., two weeks ago, was removed to her home in Hartford, last week. Her condition has since improved.

LOTTA (Miss Crabtree), the little actress, has become the owner of a big theatre—the Grand Opera House of St. Paul, Minn., which she purchased last week of the heirs of the Davidson estate. The price paid was \$150,000.

GOVERNOR LUCE of Michigan is said to be the first Governor of that State who has lived within his salary. As this salary is but \$1,000 a year, Governor Luce has certainly demonstrated the right to be called an economical man.

It is thought that, in the event of his re-election, President Cleveland will have a new Attorney-general, in place of Mr. Garland. It is also said that Secretary Whitney intends to retire from the Cabinet during the next six months.

HERMAN MERIVALE, the poet and playwright, who was lately traveling on the Continent with his wife, found their names oddly entered on one hotel register by a German waiter who thought he knew English. The inscription was "Mr. and Mrs. Human Marvel."

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW, President of the New York Central Railway, reached home from Europe on the 13th inst. He was "received" by the officers and employees of the railway, and a number of prominent citizens who went down the bay in a steamer for the purpose.

SENATOR BECK, of Kentucky, is ill at Fortress Monroe, and in compliance with the advice of his physicians will not return to his duties in the Senate until next session. It is reported that he is threatened with an affection of the heart, for which quiet and retirement are deemed essential.

MRS. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE, daughter of the late Salmon P. Chase, is said to be engaged in writing the reminiscences of her life. Mrs. Sprague kept open house in Washington during President Lincoln's Administration, and she knew intimately all the distinguished men of that important period in the history of this country.

ERASTUS WIMAN, of New York, recently uttered a speech into a phonograph to be repeated by the instrument at the Toronto Exhibition now in progress. The phonograph arrived, properly loaded, and the speech was let out successfully. It proved to be a series of short addresses, including a couple which spoke strongly of unrestricted commerce between the United States and Canada.

GENERAL HARRISON last week attended the reunion of his old regiment, the Seventieth Indiana, held at Clayton, in that State. Some 20,000 people were present in honor of the occasion, but General Harrison insisted that there should be no politics in the demonstration, and confined himself in his address to reminiscences of the war and the part played in it by the Seventieth Regiment.

MRS. MACGAHAN, the widow of the famous American war correspondent in Bulgaria, and who is now a resident of New York, is the American correspondent of two St. Petersburg papers, and is engaged upon a novel of Russian life, which she is writing in English. The lady is a Russian, and at the time of her marriage could speak no English. As her husband could not speak the Russian language, they used to converse in French altogether. She now talks to her little boy of thirteen one week in Russian and the next in French.

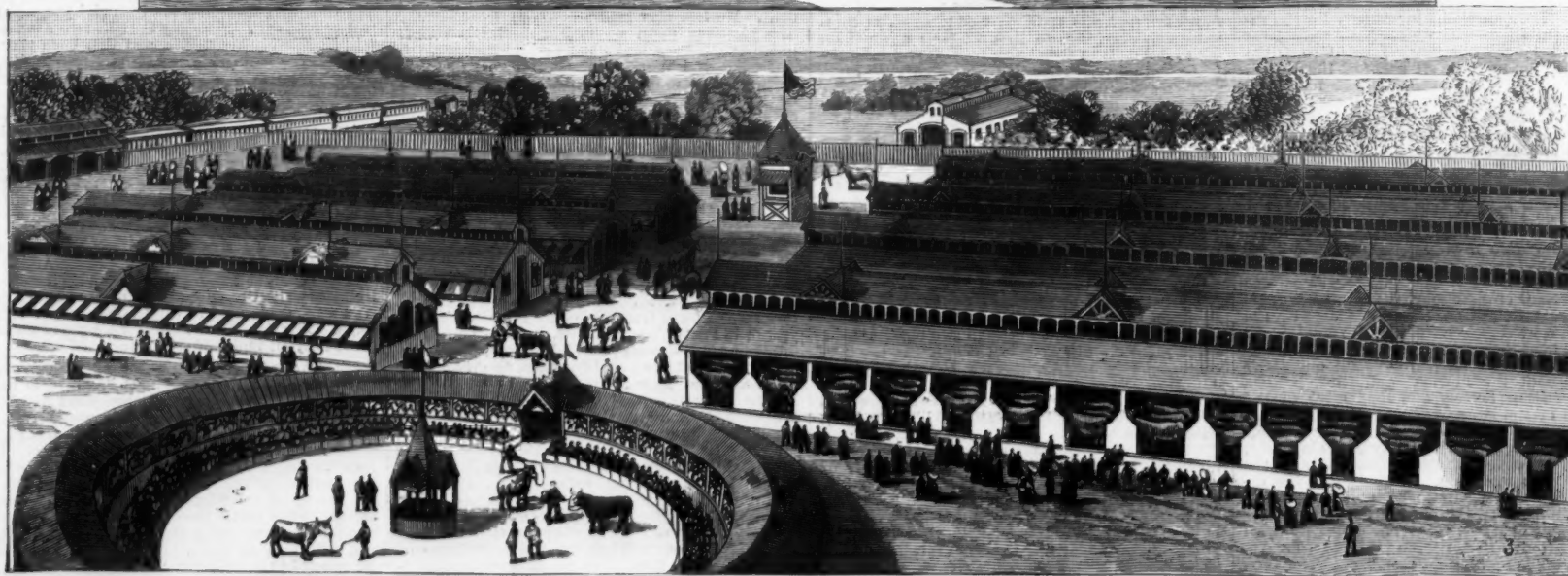
PROFESSOR ROBERT C. SMYTH, of Andover Theological Seminary, has won a notable victory on the preliminary questions in his suit against the Board of Visitors of that institution. The chief question involved was that of the omission from the case, as submitted on appeal, of certain facts which Professor Smyth holds to be vital to the record. The Supreme Court now decides that the Visitors must put into the record everything which Professor Smyth deems essential to a full and fair hearing of the case by that Court.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN betrays no sign of disappointment over his failure as Presidential candidate. He has a most philosophical temper. He is a constant attendant upon the Senate, he is a hard student, and reads as carefully to-day as if he were a novice in finance and in politics. Among business men who know him his financial judgment is rated very high. They say that he never makes a mistake in his investments, and that each year he grows richer and richer through his own prudence and carefulness in managing the property which he made early in his life through real-estate investments in Ohio.

A GERMAN newspaper having recently published an article on corruption in American politics, in which it was asserted, among other things, that the Presidential election is, from first to last, merely an affair of money, Mr. Carl Schurz, who is still detained in Germany by the illness of a son, has come to the rescue in a letter which is attracting a good deal of attention. He asserts that the dishonoring suspicion cast upon the American national character is unjust, and denies that political life in the United States is in anywise so corrupt a pandemonium as the German paper represents. The American nation, he says, is stanch, great-hearted and self-respecting.

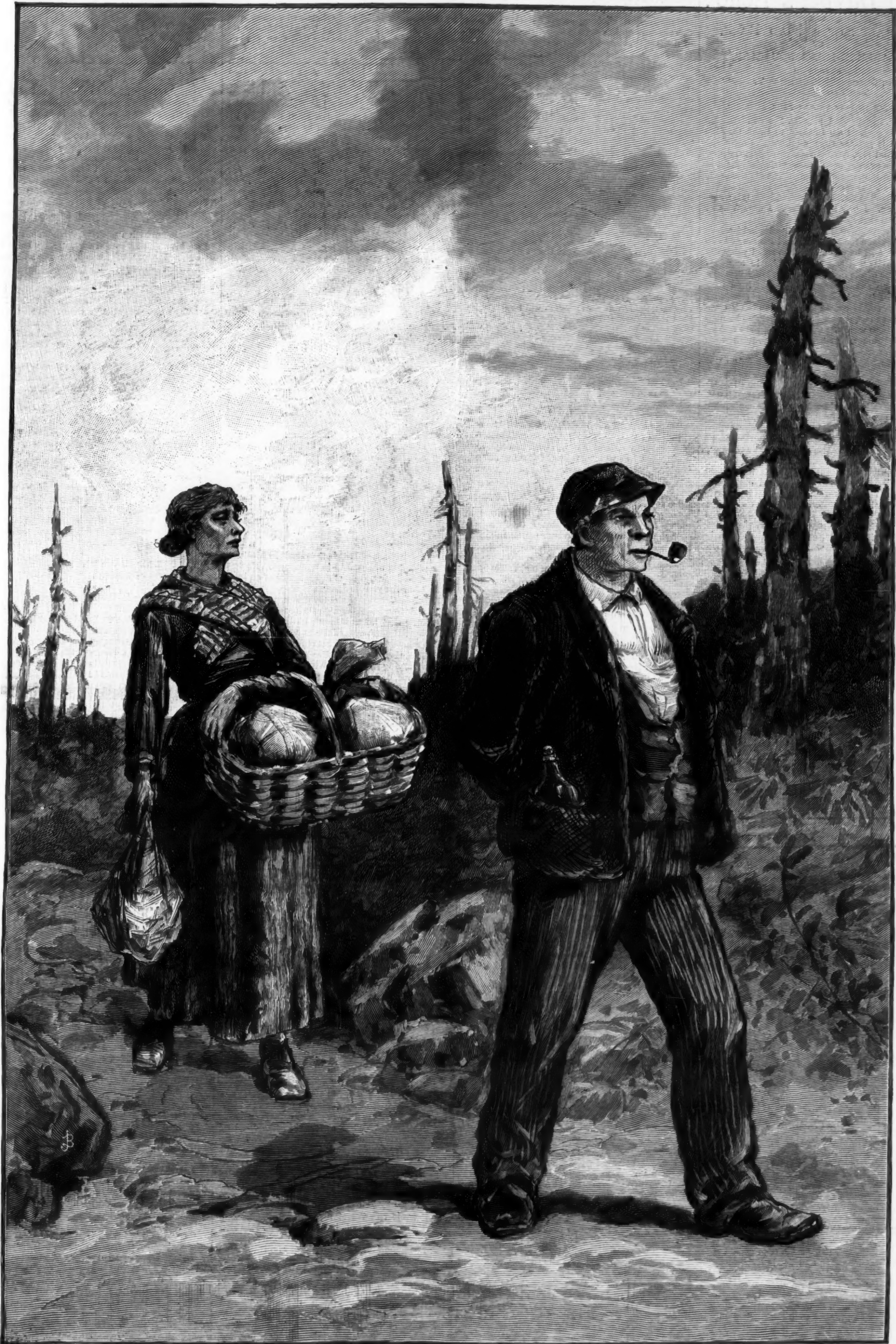
MR. CRAWFORD says in the *New York World*: "Warner Miller, according to the reports, is making a very systematic canvass throughout New York State. He has friends in every town who have been hard at work ever since there was any talk of his nomination. He has very close relations with the manufacturers of the State. His friends believe him to be especially strong in the north and west. He has great ambitions. If he should be elected Governor the White House would appear upon his mental horizon. If he should make a good fight and fail in this State, he would be Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury in the event of the success of the Republican national ticket. He has another string to his bow in the direction of the United States Senate. Altogether he is at present the most important Republican in the State, and as he is a tireless worker, he will doubtless be heard from later on."





1. ARRIVAL OF G. A. R. VETERANS: SCENE ON HIGH STREET. 2. NEWSPAPER ROW, CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS. 3. THE CATTLE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, OHIO.—THE CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL AND THE TWENTY-SECOND NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, AT COLUMBUS.  
FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES.—SEE PAGE 91.





PENNSYLVANIA.—A SCENE IN THE MINING REGIONS—HER LORD AND MASTER.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 91.



## For Dayber's Echo:

THE  
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY  
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—AT VALLEY PARK ACADEMY.

I STILL insist that I pity Dr. Peter Pillah. He needs pity. I am inclined to think that his need is greater than we know. Under the whole round sky, from the azure of day, through the gray of evening and the black of midnight, and back again to the golden glow of morning, there is no one in all the earth who is more in need of pity than is a baffled villain—unless, indeed, it is a successful one. I pity Peter Pillah. I always have. I think I always shall.

He did not sit brooding over the fire in his wife's luxurious home for long. He had too much to do for that. And he was a man who acted promptly when activity was suggested to him in any way. He was one of the men who are apt to act first and to do their thinking afterwards—what little they do at all. Rather inclined to be careless regarding possible personal consequences, and utterly careless when consequences to others were to be considered, there was little need for him to be a deep and close thinker. And he had never pushed his moral and mental powers beyond his needs.

His wife had given him the one hint he had needed—the one suggestion his own acuteness had passed by unnoticed. He would act upon it. He would act promptly. His first business must be the getting of Valley Park Academy, or of a controlling interest in it. He would allow himself no rest until he had accomplished that end—the greatest end he now had in view. He would buy or—or—well, he would get Valley Park Academy: how, was entirely a secondary consideration.

In ten minutes from the time his wife kissed him and left him, Dr. Pillah walked out of the house, and started to walk briskly to a hotel. He was actually hungry. He was sure he could eat a hearty meal. He looked himself again, quite himself. His wife would have found no reason for leading him in front of her huge mirror now; and he would have stood unshrinking before his reflected self. We, my good reader, should have needed no second introduction to him, if we had let him go into the house alone, while we waited outside until his return.

He lighted a cigar, and seemed to enjoy the flavor of it. His form was erect. His step was elastic. He had probably forgotten, for the time being, that he ever knew a man with a face and body to remind one of a wolf, and that he had had the pleasure of helping bury him.

Dr. Peter Pillah left no note for his wife. He left no word for her with any of her servants. She would not know he was gone—until she returned and failed to find him. She would not know when he went, why he went, where he had gone, nor for how long; she could do no more than guess when he would come again, and how, and with whom, and how long he would stay. And guessing is a very unsatisfactory method with which to comfort a loving heart. But perhaps that method was all Della Pillah needed.

Peter Pillah simply walked down-stairs, out of the front door, and away. He had always gone in that way—without a word. He always came as silently and unexpectedly—and without a word. Some time, doubtless, he would go away and never come back. She would think it possible—in a month; probable—in a year; and almost certain—in a time that would be longer or shorter according to circumstances. But very likely she might never be sure. She would fear—But no, I am in error there; she would have no fear—no feeling. This sort of life would have killed another woman; it did not even age Della Pillah.

Peter Pillah dined luxuriously. He dined leisurely. Twenty odd years of waiting had taught him something of patience. Besides which, for a man who had set out with the avowed life-purpose of buying a bride with a particularly valuable and inaccessible piece of real estate, he had done remarkably well. It is not often that a would-be purchaser in the mercantile part of the marriage market finds as easy terms and as long credit.

After dinner, Dr. Pillah began to plan, and to ask himself all sorts of questions. Where was Valley Park Academy located? He did not know. Perhaps he had never noticed what was said when he had heard it spoken of. If he had, he had forgotten.

Should he apply to Mr. Bond for the information? Most certainly not. Why? For several reasons. In the first place, Mr. Bond might wonder why he desired to know, and, in thinking the matter over, might come to the conclusion that it would not be wise to investigate the character of Valley Park Academy in the light of a possibly desirable piece of real estate. Secondly, he was unwilling to waste the two days, and more, which it would take him to reach Dayber's Lane, if he started at once. And, of course, a letter would go no quicker, and a telegram, all things considered, was not to be thought of for a moment. Thirdly, he did not wish to ask a favor of Mr. Bond, if he could help it; for, if ever the time should come when he was in power and the lawyer in need of favors, he meant to show none. Fourth, and last, and most important of all his reasons, was his conviction that Mr. Bond would give him no information unless and until he was compelled to do so.

So there was nothing to do but search files of the recent papers, in which he might hope to find some clew to the information he desired.

He found what he wished, and much sooner than he had dared expect. It was an advertisement, and in a paper of a later date than the one from which Mr. Bond had obtained the suggestion on

which Lionel Dayber had been pleased to act; indeed, this paper had been issued the morning of Lionel Dayber's death, and Dr. Pillah found himself musingly speculating on the question: "Was this advertisement prepared by a man unconscious of the fact that around it centres all the possibilities of the future ownership of an estate he never saw nor heard of, written before or after the stiffening fingers of that dying Dayber had made the owner of this unknown and unheard-of school the not improbable possessor of a million dollars, and more?"

He looked first for the name of the State, a Southern one, and then for the name of the nearest post-office. These he carefully noted down in his pocket-book; then he read the substance of the advertisement:

"FOR SALE.—One of the finest Boarding Schools for Young Men to be found in the South. Personal reasons, which will be satisfactorily explained to any intending purchaser, have induced the owner of Valley Park Academy to offer that Institution for sale. The sale will include all the Buildings, the Furniture, Laboratories, Apparatus, Libraries, etc., etc., etc., together with a valuable tract of Land, with a frontage of more than a quarter of a mile on the Mississippi River. The School is located in one of the healthiest parts of the South. Its buildings afford ample accommodations for teachers and students. Situated at a distance from any large city, the morals of the young men who may seek the advantages it offers will be safe from the contamination of the influences of modern society and artificial modes of living. Possession will be given immediately, or the present Principal will consent to remain in charge for a limited time. Price and terms will be made known on application. Address—"

But he already had the address noted, and didn't need to read further.

He chuckled softly to himself, again and again, as he re-read the announcement.

"Quite a model advertisement, isn't it?" he said to himself; "lucky, am I not, to have had the son of a real-estate agent for my chum at college, so that I know just what all that sort of thing means? 'Address.' No, I thank you. I'll apply in person. And I'll start this very evening. 'Prices and terms will,' etc. That means that they'll put the price at as steep a figure as the anxiety of their correspondent will warrant. I'll keep my eyes open; I won't be robbed. But I am fortunate enough to know where I can borrow an unlimited amount of money; and I'm much mistaken in my opinion as to the probable future lives of Mr. Nathan and Mr. Lionel Dayber, or Valley Park Academy is cheap at any figure under half a million. 'The Principal will consent to remain'—as long as he is paid his salary, I'll wager. 'Healthy'—I'll take plenty of quinine. 'Ample accommodations'—I'll put a half-dozen towels in my valise. 'At a distance,' etc., means in a wilderness. And—and—But 'life is too short,' as my chum used to say, for me to spend any more time here. I'll go and borrow four or five thousand dollars; 'personal reasons' probably means need of ready cash."

So it happened that Dr. Peter Pillah was a passenger out of New York that night, and that he was too happy over his waking dreams to sleep at all, though he had the pleasantest place money could purchase in a Pullman sleeper.

It would not have been strange if Mrs. Pillah had found sleep impossible, too, in that night which followed that morning visit from her husband at which we had the pleasure of being present. Other women would have found Peter's unexplained absence something to worry over, or, having decided that the fact that he had gone meant work, and that work meant success, would have lain awake to dream of the fruition of the hopes which had been so illusive for so many years. But Della Pillah slept. I don't know why. Perhaps because she was Della Pillah.

She didn't sleep well. And I am equally unable to explain why. This may have been due to the elaborate supper she had, and the hour at which she ate it. It would be an almost perfect illustration of the fitness of things, however, if it were true that that, also, was because she was Della Pillah.

She didn't sleep well, which was unusual. She didn't allow anything to disturb her rest—not usually. She dreamt much, which was remarkable. She dreamt of her husband, which was unprecedented.

And her dreams kept repeating themselves, over and over again, one—two—three of them, and each one more horrible than the one which had gone before it, all night long.

She saw her husband, alone, at midnight, sitting in a rude hut, through the window of which she could see a range of snowcapped mountains. And he was writing—writing—writing. And he did not pause. And he did not look up. And she saw that the writing would never, never end. And she knew that he would write until he died; she knew she had only to reach out her hand, and he would be saved; she knew she had only to speak his name, and he would lay aside his work, and look up at her, and rise and come to her, and live. But she turned away in silence, and she—awoke!

She saw her husband, alone, at midnight, standing in a richly furnished room, by a bottle-laden table, lighted by a dimly burning lamp, pouring something from a bottle into a glass. There was a shadow in the corner of the room, and beyond that she could not see. And he neither paused nor looked up. And she knew that the bottle would never be empty nor the glass full. She knew that he would stand there, pouring—pouring—pouring, as long as he lived. And she knew that she had only to snatch the glass, or dash the bottle from his hand, and all would be well. She knew that the touch of her hand or the sound of her voice would drive away the shadow, and give him happiness and long life. But she clinched her hands, bit her lips, shut her eyes to the horror

she saw, and stole silently from the room, and—awoke!

She saw her husband, alone, at midnight, shoveling the earth from a blood-stained mound into a newly dug grave. There were mountains all about them, and the silence was unbroken, save as the slight rustle of the wind among the trees or the quickly drawn breath of the toiling man jarred upon her sense of hearing. And she knew that the red mound would never be shoveled away, that the grave would never be filled, and that here in this unbroken wilderness, lost for ever from the busy haunts of men, with the stars to watch by night, with the sun to discover by day, in the bitter desolation of Winter, in the scorching horror of Summer, he must dig—dig—dig—until he fell, dying, into the grave he could never, never fill with earth. And she—she knew—she knew nothing! An awful horror filled her brain and froze her heart. She doubted her powers. She doubted ever having had any. But she reached out her hand and touched this man whose name she bore, and she whispered his name. And he put down his shovel, and turned and looked at her, and she saw that he was about to speak. And, while she waited for his words, the scene changed. The half-filled grave was on the terraced slope where the dead Daybers were buried, and the noisy Atlantic was behind her, and Echo Rock far, far away in the direction in which she looked. Her husband spoke: "You are too late," he said, and said no more. Then Echo Rock sent back his words: "Yo-o-ou ar-r-re to-o-o-oo la-a-a-ate! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" And the laughter given by the distance seemed like the glee of devils. She passed her husband, leaving him leaning desolately and dazedly upon his shovel. And then, a man burst from beneath the soil in the shallow grave, and stood erect, and sprang out and stood in the path before her, and shut out her hopes of reaching Dayber's Echo. And she knew he would stand there until she was dead, and that he would mock at her after she was dead, and she—awoke!

She caught sight of herself in the great mirror. She was as ghastly and changed as her husband had been that morning. And she shuddered and shivered, and perhaps wept a little, and moaned brokenly: "Whatever he may have done for me, or for Dayber's Echo, I have kept my hands clean. I have done nothing!"

Dr. Peter Pillah started bolt upright in his berth in the sleeper, wide awake in an instant. He had fallen asleep for a little time, a quarter of an hour or so, after the new day had fairly come, and most of the passengers were already dressing. And he had dreamt—what, he could never remember. He only knew that he had heard, clearly, distinctly, loud above the thunder of the hurrying train, just as his startled soul called his sleeping faculties to attend to their waking duties again, the voice of his wife crying harshly: "Whatever he may have done for me, or for Dayber's Echo, I have kept my hands clean. I have done nothing!"

It was a new thought to him. It gave him something pleasant to think of, as he hurried on towards Valley Park Academy.

Dr. Pillah made his preparations in the most careful and painstaking way. He thought out fully, and rehearsed repeatedly, what he would say under these circumstances, or these, or these. He provided against all accidents which he could think of as possible by giving himself unlimited credit at the bank of untruth. Every danger was provided for, every contingency prepared for—except the dangers and contingencies he was really to meet. It is in much the way of poor Peter Pillah that most of us provide for the future.

"I shall need an assumed name and an assumed character, I suppose," said that gentleman, to himself, "in the business I am about to undertake. It might be handier, perhaps, if anything should go amiss. And, as I mean to have the deed made to Mrs. Pillah, for whom I shall only be an agent, there cannot any harm come of it if everything is found favorable to an immediate purchase. What name shall I assume? And what character? Those are two very important questions for me to consider. Let me—Ah! I have it. Prince Prettyman! And a miner! That is the very thing. I will say I am Prince Prettyman. I will say I am a miner. Prince Prettyman was a miner. I—I—Pshaw! He's dead and buried. Our accounts balanced. We were even. I am glad I helped to bury him. It is sometimes a satisfaction to know a thing—some things—instead of having belief and doubt playing at seesaw in one's soul his whole life long."

And the doctor wiped the perspiration from his forehead, though you will remember that it was only March, and I can assure you he had not gotten so very far South yet.

"Prettyman! What a name! I wonder how it originated? And when? And where? I wonder if it ever fitted any of his family? Well, what if it did—or didn't? If fondly foolish parents chose to call a baby boy 'Prince,' I don't know as it is any of my business. I mustn't have too much education, I suppose, for I don't believe the real Prince Prettyman was much blessed in that direction. I mustn't forget myself, and speak learnedly. I must remember that Dr. Pillah is in New York—on business, and that I am Prince Prettyman. I—I am not likely to forget him! I wish I could forget what a start it gave me when Della described the man who passed the house!"

It was a glorious morning when the river steamer on which Dr. Pillah was making the final part of his trip swung around the last curve in the river—the last which had any interest for him—and the buildings of Valley Park Academy came in sight. Something in the air, or in the scene, filled him with an intoxicating sense of triumph. He threw back his shoulders. He raised his head. He filled his lungs with great draughts of the morning air. Already he saw himself the possessor of Dayber's

Echo. Already he saw Della the mistress of the mansion in which a kindly charity had given her, in her girlish years, a warm welcome and a happy home.

Already? Do you ask that?

Already.

And do you ask if he believed that Nathan or Lionel would fall a victim to the curse of a mental malady?

I do not think he considered that question for a moment. They might be sane; what of that? Cruel cunning had shut sounder-minded men than any Dayber ever was away from light and liberty and hope—more than once. And it could again.

He did not give a thought to the injustice of it. He cared nothing for the horror of the awful imprisonment the victim must endure, nor of the nameless indignities which ignorance or carelessness might subject him to. He only thought of Della, and of Dayber's Echo, and of the rock which sung in unison with the sounding sea.

He put his hands in his pockets, and whistled softly to himself. He jingled a handful of money he had loose in his pocket. A sudden thought struck him, and he smiled wickedly. "I will toss up a coin, to-morrow," he said, "to see whether it shall be Nathan or Lionel."

It was a glorious morning when the first boat which had touched at the landing at Valley Park Academy for weeks swung in there, and let the one passenger who wished to stop there go ashore. He seemed in good spirits, did this man, but I doubt if Della Pillah could have promptly called him by name.

He walked slowly up to the nearest building, looking curiously about him as he walked. The buildings were all sadly out of repair, and everything betokened poverty and distress. A general spirit of dilapidation appeared to pervade everything. There were three buildings which one might guess could be used for school purposes, or as boarding-houses, besides the sheds and out-buildings near them. All were of wood, all long unacquainted with paint, and all slowly dropping to decay.

A little, bent old man came out of the nearest one of the three houses, and advanced to meet his visitor, his countenance wearing a curious look that appeared made up of about equal parts of curiosity, apology, shame, fear, greed and defiance.

"Is this Valley Park Academy?" queried the visitor.

"It is. What do you wish?"

"I thought of buying it."

"Ye-e-e-s."

"Is the owner in the neighborhood?"

"I am the owner."

"And the principal? I understand he could be retained in charge for a time."

The proprietor struggled, for a thoughtful moment or two, with a discreet little cough.

"I—I am the principal," he said, gravely, "and of course I would remain in charge at—"

"At a reasonable salary? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I should want to retain you, of course, and probably permanently. I am not a teacher. I could not be if I tried. My early education was neglected, and I haven't found time to make good any deficiencies in later life. I've been a miner; I've knocked about a good deal, seen a good share of hard luck and plenty of hardship, and acquired a fund of experience and knowledge of human nature that is worth about as much to me as book knowledge could be. I've managed to get together a little money, too, and you see, Mr.—er—Professor—er—"

"My name is Basle, Professor Vincent Basle. May I ask what yours is?"

"Why, of course you may, though I guess you'll think it's a misfit. Some ancient fool got the family called Prettyman; a couple of more modern ones fastened the name of Prince on to me. So there you have it, professor. Prince Prettyman is my name; I don't look it, do I?"

"Well—perhaps—not," responded Professor Basle, who was in the habit of usually speaking the truth, whatever may have been his shortcomings when the writing of advertisements was the business in hand. "I—I suppose you wish to purchase this school as—as an investment?"

"That is it exactly. I want to invest. I—I suppose the remaining members of your—your—I don't know just the word to use—your gang of teachers—can be kept, can't they?"

Professor Basle avoided the question, and hurried to make some explanations and give some very valuable and necessary information.

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed here," he said, "and I'm sorry you've gone to the expense and trouble of coming, if you've come far. I could have explained the whole matter just as well by letter. The fact is, Valley Park Academy is not what it used to be. In plain English, it is going to the dogs. I must sell out, get away, and do something else instead of teaching."

And the tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman, a gentleman who would tell no lies to any one who came to look at his property, no matter what he might or might not have done in the case of one who had attempted to arrange the matter by correspondence.

"I had to write the advertisement as I did," he said, ingenuously, "or no one would have given the matter a second thought. And the time was when it would have been true. But the library, most of it, went last year; the laboratories and apparatus—we have had to work without such facilities as they once furnished for two years or more. The buildings are nearly empty of furniture—you are welcome to see for yourself just how empty, if you wish. And it only needs a glance to tell what the buildings themselves are. Education has gone in the new-fashioned ways; the town a mile and a half below here has a school that is as flourishing as this one used to be."



"I suppose the land alone would be a good investment, would it not?" suggested the visitor, cautiously. "I understand your tract has a river frontage of a quarter of a mile, and that—that—But I think I never heard how far back from the river it does extend."

"It would be a good—or at least a fair—investment, if there was land enough. And there was once. The soil is fertile. You could raise excellent crops. And I presume you could buy all the land I ever sold, and more, too, if you wished. I had a frontage of a quarter of a mile once, and owned back into the country a mile."

"And now?"

"Well, Mr. Prettyman, I've clung to my buildings. I've hated to let the old home and the old business go. I've sold the land, little by little, but I've kept the old houses—as long as I can afford to. I have a strip of land twenty rods along the river-bank, now, and a hundred feet wide. That is all. You cannot afford to buy it. Money cannot pay for the memories and associations which cluster around these old and falling walls. You'd better take the first boat up the river."

The visitor held out his hand. The proprietor of Valley Park Academy took it.

"You are a very peculiar man, Professor Basle. You are a very honest man. You are too honest for your own good. You have told me too much, far too much. You could sell this property to a greater advantage 'unsight unseen,' as the boys used to say when I was little—short, I mean. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, Mr. Prettyman."

"Very well. I, too, am a peculiar man, and as honest as you are—I hope. I am going to tell you two things. Please remember that they are both true. First, I want a Southern home, near this great river, with a roomy old house in which to live and grow old pleasantly. Second, I have heard of you and your work, and I wish to see that your old age is not a failure. Valley Park Academy must continue to be an educational centre, and you must continue to preside over its destinies."

"Thank you."

"In conclusion, I came here to buy this property. I don't mean to leave until I have concluded a bargain with you for it. Now, please forget that I am here; state the lowest price you'll take for the whole thing, on the 'unsight unseen' basis."

"I—wanted—five—thou—"

"I'll give you four—"

"I'll take—"

"Wait! Don't get in a hurry. You'll lose money if you do. I was about to say that I'll give you four thousand five hundred dollars for the place—"

"It's a bargain, Mr. Prettyman—it's a bargain."

"Not—quite—yet. I'm not done. On condition that—"

"Well?"

"That you remain here as principal—"

"Yes."

"At a salary of one thousand dollars—"

"I will."

"And all your living expenses—"

"I—I will."

"Under a contract to serve ten years."

"Are—are you done, Mr. Prettyman?"

"I am done."

"And you mean it all?"

"I mean it."

"And you're not making game of me?"

"Not at all."

"I—I suppose I ought to tell you I'm the only teacher here now."

"All right; there'll be the fewer for me to pay."

"And there is only one student—"

"The fewer to feed."

"A stupid sort of fellow—"

"The better chance for you to earn your money."

"With a taste for the morbid side of psychology, and the dangerous side of chemistry."

"Indeed? You're getting beyond me there. But I guess that makes it more likely that you won't be getting lonely soon."

"And—and you still stick to your offer?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, suppose we walk into town and have the papers prepared—before you change your mind," he added, to himself.

(To be continued).

#### THE GRAND ARMY AT COLUMBUS.

THE twenty-second national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Columbus, O., last week, was the largest and most impressive occasion of the kind thus far in the organization's history. The grand rush of veterans and excursionists from all parts of the United States towards Ohio's capital began in the latter part of the preceding week, and by Monday morning there were already over 100,000 strangers in the city. On the evening of that day there were, just outside of the town, seven trains, with 100 carloads of excursionists, waiting to unload. Word had been sent from Pittsburgh, Chicago, and other points, to the effect that it had been found necessary to stop the sale of excursion tickets. The increased volume of travel led at least to one fatal railroad accident, which marred the festivities of the opening day. At an early hour on Monday morning, a disastrous wreck occurred on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, near Wadsworth Station, forty miles southeast of Cleveland, in which five persons lost their lives and twenty others were injured. Two of the killed were veterans from Youngstown, O.

The City of Columbus enthusiastically welcomed the unprecedented throngs of Grand Army and Centennial Exhibition visitors. The crowds pouring in on every train found flags, streamers, arches, Grand Army and other veteran organization emblems on every hand. The Union Depot was gay with big streamers. A dozen handsome arches spanned the street, and under these, all day long, were marching newly arrived posts of the wrinkled and gray boys of '61. On Tuesday occurred the grand parade, which must have been

witnessed by fully a quarter of a million persons. There were eighteen divisions, eight of them comprising the Ohio Department, which was out in full force. On the reviewing-stand were General W. T. Sherman, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Russell A. Alger, Governor and Mrs. J. B. Foraker, Judge Thurman, Generals Alger and Fairchild, Commander-in-Chief Rea, ex-President Hayes, and many other distinguished persons. In the evening the officers of the national organization dined at the Commercial Club. The national officers and members of the staff met in the law library of the State House, and some pleasant remembrances were there given to the chiefs. Commander-in-Chief J. P. Rea received a beautiful gold badge, Adjutant-General Daniel Fish was presented with a massive solid silver server, with a beautiful tea set; and Quartermaster-General John Taylor received a solid silver canteen.

The encampment proper began on Wednesday. In the course of his annual address, Commander-in-chief Rea said: "On March 31st, 1887, the total membership of our order in good standing was 320,936; on March 31st, 1888, it was 354,216, making a net gain . . . of 33,280, an excess of 7,681 over the net gain of the previous year. . . . The reports show that on June 30th there were 395,245 comrades borne on the rolls, to which may safely be added a sufficient number out on transfer cards to swell the grand total to 400,000."

On Thursday, Major William Warner, of Kansas City, was elected Commander-in-chief, and the most remarkable encampment in the history of the Grand Army of the Republic began breaking up. The next annual encampment will be held in Milwaukee.

#### "HER LORD AND MASTER."

THE scene depicted in the drawing on page 89 is taken from life in the mining regions of Pennsylvania, though it might at a casual glance be thought to represent a study of peasant life in those parts of continental Europe where the women serve as beasts of burden. In common fairness, however, to the great intelligent, orderly and progressive class of Pennsylvania miners in general, it must be said that in this case the artist has chosen his characters from amongst the newly settled foreign element which predominates in many of the mining districts. Mr. Becker's picture shows what is still too often to be seen on the bi-weekly or monthly pay-day in the Schuylkill region. The temptations of the saloon have proved too strong for the tired-out miner, and he has drunk himself stupid and sullen before consenting to go home. His poor wife, thankful that things are not even worse, trudges behind him uncomplainingly, bearing the entire burden of the marketing. But even the roughest characters profit in time by the good examples set by their more advanced neighbors. They become cleanly in their habits, and the younger ones ambitious to marry and settle down in houses of their own. In fact, it has been claimed in some districts that the foreigners are rather too quick and progressive, being among the foremost to go on strike or to war against the bringing of new "green hands" into the field of labor.

#### THE LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE.

THE letters of acceptance of both the Democratic and Republican candidates for the Presidency were given to the public last week. Mr. Cleveland's letter is the longer and more carefully elaborated of the two, and is largely devoted to a consideration of the tariff issue. He adheres to the lines of his message, insisting that the tariff charges are in excess of the necessities of a frugal and economical administration of the Government. "The continuance," he says, "upon a pretext of meeting public expenditures, of such a scale of tariff taxation, as draws from the substance of the people a sum largely in excess of public needs is surely something which, under a Government based upon justice, and which finds its strength and usefulness in the faith and trust of the people, ought not to be tolerated. And yet this is our condition. We are annually collecting, at our custom-houses and by means of our internal-revenue taxation, many millions in excess of all legitimate public needs. As a consequence, there now remains in the National Treasury a surplus of more than \$130,000,000."

Mr. Cleveland argues that the withdrawal of this sum from the circulating medium of the country is a menace to the public prosperity, and he insists that the most effectual remedy for the evil is to be found in a reduction of the present tariff rates upon the necessities of life. In this reduction, however, our domestic industrial enterprises should have friendly consideration. He says: "Abrupt and radical changes which might endanger such enterprises and injuriously affect the interests of labor dependent upon their success and continuance are not contemplated or intended. But we know the cost of our domestic manufactured products is increased and their price to the consumer enhanced by the duty imposed upon the raw material used in their manufacture. We know that this increased cost prevents the sale of our productions at foreign markets in competition with those countries which have the advantage of free raw material. We know that, confined to a home market, our manufacturing operations are curtailed, their demand for labor irregular, and the rate of wages paid uncertain. We propose, therefore, to stimulate our domestic industrial enterprises by freeing from duty the imported raw materials which by the employment of labor are used in our home manufactures, thus extending the markets for their sale and permitting an increased and steady production with the allowance of abundant profits."

As to Trusts and similar corporations, Mr. Cleveland says that "they are the natural offspring of a market artificially restricted; that an inordinately high tariff, besides furnishing the temptation for their existence, enlarges the limit within which they may operate against the people, and thus increases the extent of their power for wrong-doing. With an unalterable hatred of all such schemes, we count the checking of their baleful operations among the good results promised by revenue reform." Mr. Cleveland denies that the reform he proposes is a "crusade of free trade." It is inspired by "a jealous regard for the interests of American labor, and a sincere desire to relieve the country from the injustice and danger of a condition which threatens evil to all the people of the land." He criticises the proposition of the Republican platform in reference to the removal of the internal-revenue tax from tobacco and from spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and says that it entirely fails to meet the necessities of

the case. He concludes by declaring that the difficulty of applying the remedy for the present condition of affairs will never be less, and that the blame should not be laid at the door of the Democratic party if it is applied too late.

General Harrison's letter deals with all the important issues now before the public, dwelling especially upon the tariff question. As to this, he says "it is not a contest between schedules, but between wide-apart principles." He denounces the Mills Bill as a step towards practical free trade, and says "the important question is not so much the length of the step as the direction of it." He declares with his party that "a protective tariff is constitutional, wholesome and necessary. We do not offer a fixed schedule, but a principle. We will revise the schedule, modify rates, but always with an intelligent provision as to the effect upon domestic production and the wages of our working-people." He thinks that the surplus in the Treasury should be employed in the purchase of bonds. The law authorizes this use of it, and if it is not needed for current or deficiency appropriations, the people, and not the banks in which it has been deposited, should have the advantage of its use by stopping interest upon the public debt. At least, those who needlessly hoard it should not be allowed to use the fear of a monetary stringency, thus produced, to coerce public sentiment upon other questions."

General Harrison favors the law which prohibits the importation of foreign contract labor, but declares that such laws "will afford very inadequate relief to our working-people if the system of protective duties is broken down. If the product of American shops must compete in the American market without favoring duties with the products of cheap foreign labor, the effect will be different, if at all, only in degree, whether the cheap laborer is across the street or over the sea. Such competition will soon reduce wages here to the level of those abroad, and when that condition is reached we will not need any laws forbidding the importation of laborers under contract. They will have no inducement to come, and the employer no inducement to send for them."

"The objections to Chinese immigration," he says, "are distinctive and conclusive, and are now so generally accepted as such that the question has passed entirely beyond the stages of argument." He would, if charged with the enforcement of the laws on the subject, faithfully execute them. He would approve of such amendments or further legislation as may be necessary or proper to prevent evasions of the laws and stop further Chinese immigration.

Mr. Harrison expresses himself with emphasis on the subject of election frauds, favors national aid to the common schools, calls for legislation against Trusts, liberality in the distribution of pensions, etc. As to Trusts, he says: "Ordinarily capital shares the losses of idleness with labor, but under the operation of the Trust, in some of its forms, the wage-worker alone suffers loss, while idle capital receives its dividends from a Trust fund. Producers who refuse to join the combination are destroyed, and competition as an element of prices is eliminated. It cannot be doubted that the legislative authority should and will find a method of dealing fairly and effectively with these and other abuses connected with this subject."

On the subject of the Civil Service, General Harrison declares that "only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." The existing law "should have the aid of a friendly interpretation, and be faithfully and vigorously enforced. In appointments to every grade and department, fitness, and not party service, should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office."

As to our foreign policy, he holds that it should be characterized by dignity and strength. "The right of our people and of our ships to hospitable treatment should be insisted upon with dignity and firmness. Our nation is too great, both in material strength and in moral power, to indulge in bluster or to be suspected of timorousness. Vacillation and inconsistency are as incompatible with successful diplomacy as they are with the national dignity. Our fisheries should be fostered and protected. The hardships and risks that are the necessary incidents of the business should not be increased by an inhospitable exclusion from the near-lying ports."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AN English fireman writes to the London Fireman his belief that fires may be put out by a mixture of plaster-of-paris and alum. His plan is to throw the mixture confined in a combustible bag upon the fire. An incombustible pulley-block, to haul up the bag, must necessarily be affixed to every building to render his plan practicable.

THE Italian Admiralty have recently caused to be carried out a number of experiments with a view to testing the comparative merits of castor oil and of olive oil for lubricating purposes on board ship. From the results obtained they have given orders that henceforth all exposed parts of machinery are to be lubricated exclusively with castor oil, while mineral oils are to be used for cylinder and similar lubrications.

A. W. BUCKLAND writes to Nature: "Many years ago I met with Mademoiselle d'Angeville, the first woman to ascend Mont Blanc. She possesses the largest and best-preserved collection of Alpine flowers I have ever seen, and she assured me she never used anything but cotton-wool in her press, changing it, of course, frequently. Her gentians, pediculars and other delicate plants were perfect in color; and having tried her plan myself, although with less care, and therefore with less success, I still have Alpine flowers which have retained their color for twenty years."

ACCORDING to experiments conducted by the Health Board of New York, it appears that dry heat of even 280° is insufficient to kill disease germs, except in cases where the fabric is perfectly dry, or so loosely rolled or folded that the heat can penetrate it. But by injecting live steam into the tank, Dr. Edson's assistants have been able to disinfect clothing and bedding at a temperature of about 160°, and the goods come out of the tank unhurt, except that the colors in some kinds of cloth are effaced or badly mixed. The disinfection by steam is rapid and satisfactory. Iron cages are being prepared for the collection and return of bedding and clothing. Each cage has a lock to it, and the owner of clothing can keep the key while the goods are being disinfected. The work is done by the Health Department, free of charge.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A PARNELL defense fund is being raised in Montreal, Canada.

THE Reading Railroad Company proposes to organize a relief or mutual insurance association for the benefit of its 15,000 employes.

Eighty cooks employed in the imperial palace in Constantinople, who struck on account of the non-payment of their wages, have been sent into exile.

It is reported that sixteen men have been killed in Union County, Arkansas, during the political troubles preceding and attending the recent State election.

A JURY in the Court of Queen's Bench at Montreal has found Pitcher, the absconding teller of the Union Bank of Providence, R. I., guilty of bringing stolen money into Canada.

APPLICATIONS will be made by the accused Parnellite Members of Parliament to compel the Times to deliver the details of its charges against each member before the Commission.

GENERAL BOULANGER, with his daughter, was last week staying at Christiania, Sweden. His journey to that city was not connected with politics, and it is denied that he has any intention of going to Russia.

A DISPATCH from the Lower Brule Agency, on Wednesday of last week, reported that over two-thirds of the Indians there had signed the Sioux treaty, and the remainder were not expected to hold back much longer.

THE House of Representatives has passed the new Retaliation Bill by a vote of 176 to 4. The negative votes were cast by Messrs. Bayne and Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Lind, of Minnesota; and White, of New York. The affirmative votes were given by 103 Democrats and 73 Republicans.

THE Agricultural Department is organizing five new experimental stations for the study of sorghum and its manipulation—three in Kansas, one in New Jersey and one in Louisiana. The appropriation for this work this year is one hundred thousand dollars larger than it has ever been before.

THE preliminary work of establishing a bureau of weather service for the State of New York is now in progress in Ithaca. Cornell University is to be the central office of the State, because of its splendid equipment for the investigation of atmospheric phenomena. From 100 to 150 telegrams, making special forecasts for various portions of the State, will be sent to the lakes, the interior and the seaboard.

LORD STANLEY, the Governor-general of Canada, counsels moderation in the fisheries matter. In a recent speech he said: "I earnestly trust that neither directly nor indirectly may we be tempted one hair's-breadth from the path of calmness, of sound judgment, and, above all, a feeling of genuine amity to the United States, to the people with whom we are brought into contact in social and commercial affairs."

It seems pretty well settled that the French Chamber of Deputies, when it meets, will decide to return to the former system of electing its members by *scrutin d'arrondissement*—that is, one district, one Deputy—instead of *scrutin de liste*, where all the voters of a department vote for the whole ticket of Deputies, as a State does for its Electors. The present system is too dangerous when birds of prey like Boulanger are a-wing.

MICHAEL DAVITT, speaking at Knockaroo, Ireland, last week, declared that the cry of "Gloria Gladstone in excelsis" had gone too far. As long as the Liberals paid no heed to eviction atrocities he had no faith in the boasted alliance of the Nationalists with the Liberals. Unless the Liberals did something soon to insure confidence, the Irish would be compelled to adopt unconstitutional methods of dealing with licensed agents of cruelty.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. ANDREWS, who, on June 18th last, started from Boston Harbor to cross the Atlantic Ocean to Queenstown in a dory named the *Dark Secret*, returned to New York last week without having accomplished his undertaking. He was picked up in mid-ocean by the Norwegian ship *Nor*, on Sunday, the 19th ult. He had been afloat in the dory sixty-two days, and had reached a point at latitude 46° 18', and longitude 39° 50', or about fifty miles more than half way across from Boston to Queenstown.

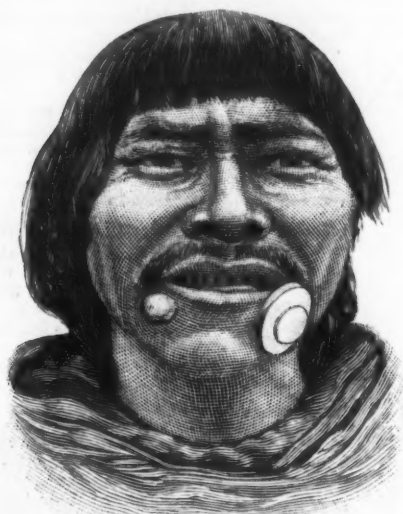
THE unusual spectacle of a man walking into Mayor Hewitt's office, depositing an envelope containing \$12,000 for the Jacksonville sufferers, and walking out again after refusing to give his name, was seen one day last week. "Just say that it came from an American," was all that he would say. The money was in three gold certificates, one of the denomination of \$10,000 and two of \$1,000 each. Mayor Hewitt said that he was entirely without information as to who had given the money, and the man who brought it was not recognized by any one who saw him.

MR. SHERMAN'S Bill in relation to Trusts, as reported to the Senate, declares all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts or combinations between persons or corporations, made with a view or which tend to prevent full and free competition and the importation or sale of articles imported into the United States, or in the production, or manufacture, or sale, of domestic material which competes with any article upon which a duty is levied, to be against public policy and unlawful and void. A penalty of a fine of not more than \$10,000 or imprisonment for a term not more than five years is prescribed.

THE Army Bill, as finally agreed upon by the conference and approved by the two Houses, carries an appropriation of \$24,471,300. The Fortifications Bill appropriates \$3,972,000. Aside from the regular provisions of the Bills, they appropriate as follows: For the manufacture of cannon and carriages, \$200,000; for testing pneumatic guns, shells, etc., \$100,000; for gun factory at Watervliet Arsenal, \$700,000; for the purchase of rough-bored steel, \$1,500,000; for submarine mines and submarine controllable torpedoes, \$200,000; for rifled mortars, \$250,000; for the purchase and test of ordnance by the Ordnance Board, \$500,000.

THE National Protective Association of Beer, Wine and Liquor Dealers, at its annual session in New York last week, adopted resolutions proposing to mitigate the evils of intemperance by such a regulation of the retail trade as may seem best suited for each locality, and not by any uniform system, such as is contemplated by prohibition or high license. The Association favors a reduction of the number of saloons, and proposes to protect those of the better class while abolishing those of the lower grade. The system by which brewers lend money to individuals to set them up in the liquor business is also condemned in the platform.





CHIN ORNAMENTS.

## THE ESQUIMAUX ON THE ALASKA COAST.

THE illustrations on this page are from photographs taken at points along the Arctic coast of Alaska, to which whalers, traders and Government vessels are the only visitors. The Esquimaux women and children are natives of St. Lawrence Island, the boot-shaped strip of land lying close to Behring Strait, and which would fill the gap between America and Asia, could it be floated



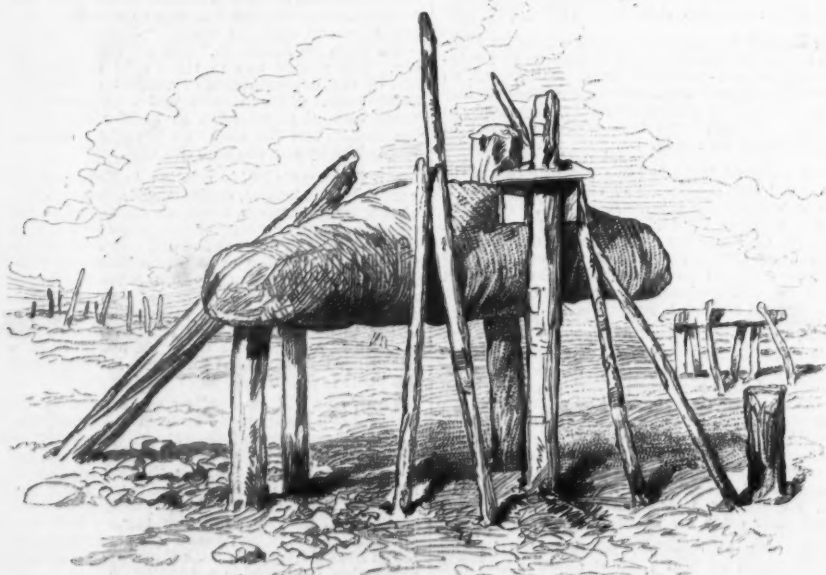
WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



AN UNDERGROUND HOUSE.

north a few miles. The inhabitants are a mixture of the Siberian and Alaskan Esquimaux, and are very dirty. It would be a great surprise to them to be well washed. The papooses are clothed in a garment made from fawn-skins, which is opened only at the neck. They are usually carried astride of the mother's back, under her "parki" or shirt-like skin coat, which is gathered at the waist by a belt. Calico and drill are used as a stylish over-dress of their more comfortable seal or deer skin

over it, and when finished the hut resembles a broad, low mound. Light is admitted through a translucent piece of whale-skin, stretched over a small opening in the roof, and heat is obtained from a series of wicks arranged around the edge of a rudely made platter filled with oil. The entrance is sunk a few feet from the wall of the hut, and connects with a tunnel, which opens in the floor of the house. Surrounding the entrance are rooms used for storing the winter's food and



METHOD OF BURIAL.

clothing. The children are bright and very fond of sport, wrestling, jumping and running being their favorite games.

The natives are nomadic in Summer, but in Winter live in their underground houses. When the ground is soft enough, a trench about twelve feet square is dug three or four feet below the surface. The floor, walls and roof are constructed of driftwood from the large rivers and pieces of wreckage. The earth is then piled around and

trade, and the cooking-place. A native is represented as standing in the entrance, his head and shoulders being visible. The uprights surrounding the hut are pieces of whale-ribs and timber, used as a staging for storing boats, sleds, etc.

The dead are wrapped in pieces of canvas, or drill, or fur, and placed in a rudely made and coverless box, and are elevated on whale-ribs or pieces of timber. The personal effects of the dead are buried with them. The elements and neglect

of the living cause the coffin in time to separate and fall, while the body very slowly disintegrates. About two miles of the sand spit at Point Hope is strewn with portions of skeletons.

The men generally wear lip-ornaments or "labrets," and the women tattoo their chins in several straight lines. Two styles of labrets are usually found. One, like a man's silk hat, is made of stone or pieces of glass; the other, like a cuff-button, is made of ivory, and has a blue bead imbedded on the front surface. The latter style is highly prized on account of the peculiar bead, but few of them being brought into the country.

The Belle represents a type of the better-looking native women. The coarse, black and well-beaded hair, the greasy features, the almond eyes and flat forehead and nose, the worn teeth (caused by using them for bending and working wood, iron, and the tough hide used in making boats,) and the tattooed chin, are characteristics of the Alaska Esquimaux women.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE:  
THEIR CRIMES IN COURT.

DURING March, 1864, John Ballard, a Union soldier, was murdered at French Lick Springs, Ind., while engaged in search for deserters. The crime was always charged to the Knights of the Golden Circle, but definite information was never obtained until recently, when a confession was made by one of the Knights, Albert Quackenbush, during a family murder quarrel in which he expected, erroneously as it proved, that the crime



A BELLE.

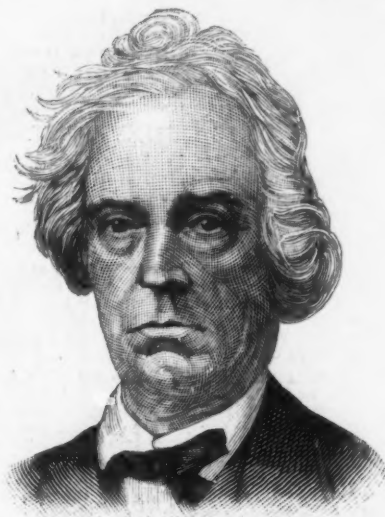
## AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX ON THE ARCTIC COAST OF ALASKA.





INDIANA.—THE CRIMES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE—HEADQUARTERS OF THE ORDER.

would be exposed and his neck placed in jeopardy. He went before the Grand Jury, and had four men indicted, all prominent in the community—William Stanfield, a farmer; John G. Jones, Commissioner of Martin County; the Rev. John Stone, a Christian preacher, living in White County, Illinois, and James Archer, a farmer. Quackenbush was also indicted. The trial of the accused at Vincennes, Ind., has developed much of the unwritten history of the Knights, who were a body organized in the State of Indiana for the purpose of assisting the Confederacy with men, funds, information, and for hiding Union deserters. The principal organizer of the Knights was Dr. William A. Bowles, who removed from Kentucky to French Lick Springs with his family and ten slaves, which were immediately confiscated. Dr. Bowles had formerly been tried for conspiracy during the war with Mexico, and was not against the Government. His organization of the Knights was partly in revenge for the confiscation of his slaves and partly because of his enmity to the Government, enhanced by the trial for his conspiracy. He was again arrested in 1870 for conspiracy during the Rebellion. The little house at French Lick Springs where he was arrested, and which served as the headquarters of the Knights, still stands. It is but a short distance from the famous Pluto Spring, which was also the principal council-ground of the North American Indians, and later the headquarters of the White Caps. French Lick Springs are located eighty miles northwest from Louisville, on a branch of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad. It is now probably the most extensively patronized resort for dyspeptics and alcoholists in the world, and all traces of White Caps, Knights, and the terrible murders by the Archer gang, have been entirely swept away by the advance of civilizing influences. Dr. Bowles died during the seventies, but he left as a legacy for posterity the history of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and a list of all people connected with it. It is interesting to note that one means which the Knights utilized to send aid to the Confederates was Lost River, at this point, which flows for a long distance under ground, and enabled them to reach the Ohio River through the White River. They were also aided to a considerable extent by the Indiana Mountains, which in the vicinity of French Lick Springs rise in majestic picturesqueness to a height of some 2,000 feet. A newspaper account says: "The Ballard murder is the only one to date which has been fastened on the Knights by legal proof, but it is expected that their other crimes will



DR. WILLIAM A. BOWLES, LEADER OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

gradually be exposed through this trial, and the proper persons punished." The result, however, did not warrant this conclusion, as the jury acquitted all the defendants, after a careful hearing of the case.

#### MAINE COAST HERRING-FISHERIES.

MOST of the herrings consumed in the United States come from the bays of the Maine coast—and so do a great many of the so-called "sardines." The herring-fishing in these waters is from April to December. Two or three thousand men and boys are engaged in the work, while a population of probably 20,000 is more or less dependent upon the profits from the industry. There are three methods of taking the fish—by seining, hauling, in weirs, and by "driving." The latter, however, is illegal. The weir—which is illustrated on this page, in a picture constituting the first of a series relating to the herring-fisheries, shortly to follow—is universal. To the voyager along the Maine coast, it looks as if the entire land edge were margined with a continuous reach of reeds. The weirs are built when the tide is out. Each one forms what might be called a pen of upright poles, standing like palisades in old forts. The slender saplings used are placed an inch or two apart, and are interwoven with willow or alder; and the entire affair sets out from land something in the form of a printer's type of interrogation. The opening is so placed that portions of the herring shoals, moving downward with the tide, enter, and, once inside, they whirl and swirl about



THE FISHING INDUSTRIES OF THE MAINE COAST—A SCHOOL OF HERRING ENTERING A WEIR. FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



in the great lobe of the weir, blindly seeking an exit only in the direction of the outgoing tide. This blind fatality of the herring is so marked, that fishermen assert not one escapes where it has entered.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

DR. DAVID T. DAY, in charge of the Division of Mining Statistics, estimates that for 1887 the total value of metals, minerals, stones, coal, petroleum and natural gas was \$538,056,345, the largest total ever reached by the mineral production of any country in a single year.

A MOVEMENT is on foot among Southern capitalists to secure a good grade of English colonists. A syndicate is offering inducements to English manufacturers to come to the best districts of the South with their entire plants. Especial inducements are to be offered to cotton-spinners.

TIMBER rafts on the Rhine are often fully as large and valuable as the monster log raft from Joggins, recently towed to New York, so much discussed of late. For instance, almost at the same time, last month, a raft went down the Rhine from Mayence to Holland, which was 725 feet long and 170 feet broad. It carried a crew of 120 hands, housed in some dozen huts along the raft, and the timber was worth \$100,000.

JAMES PAYNE, in the *Illustrated London News*, records that Queen Victoria always has her cats with her when she takes holiday. The novelist's comment thereon is what specially deserves the universal attention of city households: "Unfortunately, what is done by Royalty, in the social way, affects none but 'the best circles,' or else we should never hear, as we always do at this season, of cats left to starve in houses which their owners have quitted to enjoy themselves at the seaside."

In a recent magazine article on the subject of drinking habits and intoxication in the United States, Mr. Charles Morris states that the quantity of distilled spirits consumed per head of population is now only one-sixth of what it was in 1825. The rate of consumption of wine is still about the same, while since 1840 the drinking of beer has increased from 1.36 gallons per head to 11.18 gallons. The average amount of drinking of alcoholic beverages has therefore not decreased, but strong liquors, so provocative of the disease of inebriety, have been replaced by mild malt liquors comparatively innocuous in that respect.

THE new administration of Princeton, of which Professor Patton is the head, was formally initiated with the beginning of the collegiate year last week. The new President, in his address, said: "I do not mean to have this college stand still if I can help it. Dr. McCosh, I believe, put his figures at 600—referring to the students—when he came here; and he realized his desire. I put mine at 1,000, and though I may never see so many in our catalogue, yet I shall work for that result. While I am opposed to needless change and am prone to sympathize with the established order of things, I confess I feel the influence of the thought that Princeton College has been quietly getting ready to step into a larger life; and that the talk about the university idea, of which we hear so much, has beneath it a sentiment that in the near future must produce marked visible results in the development of Princeton."

THE City of Memphis, Tenn., has made a remarkable business growth during the past year. The aggregate value of business done was \$175,000,000, or nearly \$2,200 for every inhabitant. The bank clearings, on a total banking capital of \$3,360,000, amounted to nearly \$107,700,000 over the preceding year. The value of goods in bond cleared at the Custom-house shows an increase of 100 per cent. over the preceding year. Fifteen manufacturing enterprises were begun during the year. Memphis has now ten lines of railroad. Within the last three years the city has gained almost complete control of the grain trade from the Northwest to Alabama, Georgia and Florida. The trade in drygoods, in boots and shoes, and other staples, increased twenty per cent. during the year. The gross receipts of cotton during the season amounted to 652,407 bales. The value of the cotton sold there was \$27,000,000, an increase of \$1,700,000 over the preceding year.

#### POLITICAL NOTES.

MR. BLAINE will be present at a big Republican demonstration in New York on the 29th instant.

THE Democrats of Colorado have nominated Hon. T. M. Patterson as their candidate for Governor.

THE Prohibitionists of Massachusetts have nominated a full ticket for State officers, headed by William H. Earl for Governor. The Republicans of that State have nominated Governor Ames for re-election.

THE New York Democratic State Convention, held at Buffalo, nominated Governor Hill and Lieutenant-governor Jones for re-election, and named Judge John Clinton Gray for Associate-justice of the Court of Appeals.

THE Republicans in Congress are especially gratified at the re-election of Hon. Thomas B. Reed to the House by the largest majority he ever received. His district has always been the closest in the State, and the opposition hoped to be able to defeat him. But he has nearly 2,700 majority, as against 925 four years ago and 1,188 in 1886.

THE Maine election, last week, resulted in the success of the Republican State ticket by a majority of some 19,000, as against 12,850 in 1886. All the Republican candidates for Congress were elected by increased majorities. The Senate is unanimously Republican and the House four-fifths Republican. Every county in the State was carried by the Republicans. The total vote of that party was the largest ever cast in the State.

CONGRESSMAN FORD, Chairman of the House Immigration Committee, has been nominated for re-election by the Democrats of the Fifth Michigan District. In a speech accepting the nomination, he said: "I believe the time has come when we should really and truly protect the American laborer. I would let no immigrant come here unless he intended to become a citizen of the United States. I believe the Federal Government should take charge of this matter, so as to have entire concert of action. Induced and stimulated immigration should cease. The importation of laborers under contract should be stopped; and as one member of the Committee, I will say we propose to stop it if we can. We shall offer a measure and endeavor to pass it before the present session adjourns. If not, then at the next session of the present Congress; and if we cannot do it in this Congress, we will do it in the next Congress."

#### A SUBMARINE ENGINE OF WAR.

A CABLE dispatch to the New York *Herald* says: "A new submarine boat intended to revolutionize naval warfare is to be launched at Toulon on September 15th. She is designed by M. Ramagote, Government engineer. She is so constructed as to be able to dive completely beneath the keel of the largest ironclad, and by means of special apparatus fasten explosive cartridges to the sides of an enemy's vessel, and is enabled to maintain communication with explosive cartridges, fixed by means of a steel wire by which the cartridge can be exploded by electricity."

"This new engine of destruction combines all the requisite conditions of speed, steering capacity, submergence, emergence and habitability. The vessel is 17 meters long between perpendiculars, and 1.80 meters beam. She is enabled to dive under water to any given depth by means of a series of reservoirs that receive water in variable quantities. Reservoirs of compressed air allow air for breathing purposes to be renewed at will. Horizontal steering is effected by an ordinary rudder; vertical steering is effected by a double rudder, working on double hinges, attached to the sides of the stern. A little cupola, 35 centimeters in diameter, is built on her bow. It is in this cupola, provided with glass windows, that the officer in command directs the vessel. The entire crew is one officer, two engineers and one sailor. The motive power consists of Krebs's electric machine, fifty horse-power, with brass partitions. Other engines are provided with compressed-air apparatus. "Preparations are already being made for launching this formidable little vessel, and a railway is now being laid to convey her from the arsenal of Mourillon to the sea, near the steam-saw building."

#### FUN.

"You are an authority on manners and etiquette?" "I have written books on the subject." "What should a person do at the table?" "Eat."

"What did the editor offer you for your poem?" "Two dollars." "That was an insult. What did you say to him?" "Nothing. I simply pocketed the insult."

This is the time of the year when the society girl who has paid \$700 for a tan complexion wants to give \$1,000 for some preparation that will remove it.—*Burlington Free Press*.

It is said that if a piece of string be tied around the leg of a rooster he won't crow. Somebody must have tied a piece of string around the legs of the Chicago baseball roosters.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A PHILOSOPHER says: "Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually." This does not refer to the old toper. He is perpetually what he ought to be occasionally.—*Burlington Free Press*.

DUDE—"Yeth, Miss Fanny, I've got a family cwest; but what would you suggest for a motto?" Miss Fanny—"The best motto for you, I think, would be: There is room at the top."—*Texas Siftings*.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer of Sealskin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion Book mailed free. Send your address.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of ANGSTURA BITTERS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers. Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED  
**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**  
THEN WHY NOT TRY  
**WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,**  
**CARACAS CHOCOLATE,**  
**BREAKFAST COCOA,**  
and other preparations.  
R. O. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### The Loveliest Skin.

THE WHITEST, CLEAREST, SOFTEST, PUREST SKIN, free from pimple, spot or blemish, is produced by that greatest of all Skin Beautifiers and Purifiers, the

#### CUTICURA SOAP.

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and Bath, and absolutely pure, and without a rival as an Infantile Skin Soap. Delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, astonishingly effective, it enjoys unexampled popularity, as evidenced by a sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.  
Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

#### HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS

Received from pleased customers saying that

#### THE HULIN FOUNTAIN PEN IS THE BEST

In the market. Sent by mail, prepaid, for \$1.50, \$2 and \$3 each, according to size.

Guaranteed to be 14 karat gold, and to give perfect satisfaction.

Headquarters for all standard makes of FOUNTAIN and STYLOGRAPHIC PENS and ALL STATIONERY and TYPEWRITERS' SUPPLIES. THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN N. Y. CITY to select from.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

**JOHN S. HULIN,**  
Manufacturing Stationer and Steam Printer,  
369 BROADWAY, N. Y.

The largest, handsomest and most complete Account-Book Manufacturing and Printing Establishment for Bank and Fine Commercial Work in N. Y. City. Established in 1864.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

#### EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON,  
27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris.  
Sold by all Druggists.

#### TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

#### Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

SEND 25c. to \$10. and get, proportionately, the finest SEA-SHELLS in the world. SEA-SHELLS of every known description gathered daily on the shores of the Great Pacific, in Southern California. Rare, Unique and Magnificent. Address GEO. HAYFORD, Mgr W. U. Tel. Co., Santa Ana, California.

Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no saline; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling out. Sold by all Druggists.

**CAMPAIGN SUPPLIES!!**  
Badges, Banners, Flags, Uniforms, Everything Get our price before you buy! Catalogue free. THE DOMESTIC MFG. CO., Wallingford, Ct.

**PENSIONS \$80,000,000** for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet free. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D.C.

**FREE** 15 Portraits of Actresses, The Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Flirtation, Lover's Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 20 Solutions for Autograph Albums, 79 Money Making Secrets, 20 Popular Songs, 64 Tricks in Magic, 64 Conjurings, The Best and Dumbest, More Entertaining Alphabet and a Calendar for the current year.—and free for 3 cent stamp for postage. E. P. VIKORY, Augusta, Me.

#### BARGAINS IN GOLD WATCHES.

YOU CAN GET THIS WATCH FREE.

To introduce our **SOLID GOLD** and **SOLID SILVER** WATCHES and impense line of jewelry and secure agents at once, we make this wonderful offer. **NOW OR NEVER IS YOUR CHANCE.** To get the best and handsomest Watch ever offered. This Watch is entirely new. The cases are beautifully engraved, the same style and appearance as the cases of a \$100 Watch, being made from fine quality Rolled Gold Plate. We guarantee them to stand the strongest acid test. The works are entirely new, nicely jeweled, least movement. We guarantee it to keep excellent time and to give perfect satisfaction, or money cheerfully refunded. **WE WARRANT EACH WATCH FOR A PERIOD OF FIVE YEARS.** In carrying this beautiful Watch you will have the credit of owning a \$100 Solid Gold Watch, and for use it is just as desirable. We will send this beautiful Watch by registered mail post-paid for only \$5.75. If you want to see the Watch before paying for it, send us \$1.00 as a guarantee of good faith and we will send the Watch by express C.O.D. with privilege of examination at the express office, and if you do not find the Watch just as represented you need not take it. To every person sending the cash with order (\$5.75), we will send a beautiful Gold Pined Chain Free. Our only object in selling this Watch at such a ridiculously low price is to secure Agents for our watches and jewelry, as one Watch sold in a town is sure to sell many more for us. **HOW YOU CAN GET THIS WATCH FREE.** Get up a club and get four of your friends to send with you, sending us \$25.00, (the price of four watches) and we will send you 5 watches, thus giving you one Watch absolutely free for your trouble. Any person can easily secure four subscribers in a single day or evening. Any bank, Commercial Agency, Express Co., or the leading Newspapers of America will tell you of our absolute reliability. Send all money by Post-Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft, Postal Note or Registered Letter. Order now. Our Catalogue sent free. The Domestic Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.



#### Darlington, Runk & Co.

Importers of General Dry Goods

—AND—  
THE HIGHEST CLASS OF NOVELTIES

—IN—  
**SILKS AND DRESS FABRICS.**

Correspondence solicited, and orders from all sections of the country receive special attention.

Samples sent on application.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.  
Philadelphia

#### BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
**Stomach Bitters,**  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.  
**L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,**  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

#### IRON FENCE WOOD

SOLD ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Buy direct of the manufacturer and pay no Agents' commissions or dealers' profit. SEND FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Also Manfs. of **WIRE FENCE NETTINGS, STABLE FIXTURES, Vases and Lawn Ornaments, "Hoosier Calf Wagon," ALL KINDS OF WIRE WORK at Factory Prices.** Address **HAZEL IRON & WIRE WORKS, LAFAYETTE, IND., or 100 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

#### HOW'D YOU DO THAT?

Hang your hat on window, mirror or side of house. Wizard Hat Rack, sticks anywhere. Size 1/4 3; carry in vest pocket; always ready. Hang anything on it. Holds 1 lb. safely. AGENTS WANTED. Sample and terms 10c; 3 for 25c. For sale by new dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by the manufacturers, L. E. CRANDALL & CO., Chicago.

**OPIUM HABIT** Painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Days. Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure. No Pay. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., La Fayette, Ind.

**ASTHMA** DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALINE CURED never fails to Cure. Any one who wants to be cured can send us their address and we will mail trial bottle. Dr. TAFT BROS., Rochester, N. Y. **FREE.**

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

#### CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Noted Sioux Chiefs.—Gall, Sitting-Bull and Rata-in-the-Face. Cabinet size, 25c. each. Address D. F. BARRY, Bismarck, Dak.

#### CANCER CURED!

Send stamp for pamphlet! Drs. L. D. & G. H. McNICHAEL, 63 Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

#### THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED BY

**J. H. Bonner & Co. N.Y.**



## Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

### Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



The connecting link of Pullman travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Florida Resorts. Send for a Florida Guide.

E. O. McCORMICK, G. P. A., Chicago.

**\$5 to \$8 a day.** Samples worth \$1.50, FREE; lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**GOLD.** You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD**

The Ball-Pointed Pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.

Price \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.

Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.

The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.

Price 5, 15 and 20 cents. Of all stationers.

ORRISON & GLASS  
EDINBURGH

**DR. WARNER'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR,**  
Made of pure Camel's Hair and fine Australian Wool. It is the best Underwear made. It is the most durable. It is free from all dye. It will not irritate the skin. It has special electric properties. It is a protection against colds, catarrh, rheumatism and malaria. Manufactured in all styles for Men, Women and Children. For sale by all leading merchants. Catalogue, with prices, sent on application. Warner Bro's, 359 Broadway, N. Y.

**M. CRANE,**  
Electrotyper and Stereotyper,  
17, 19 and 21 COLLEGE PLACE, New York.

## Dirty Carpets

can be avoided by using the Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat. These mats are always clean and serviceable, take dirt and mud from the feet instantly, and last many years. If your dealer hasn't them, write to

**NATIONAL WIRE MAT COMPANY,**  
Works: CHICAGO, ILL.; HEAVY FALLS, PA.; CINCINNATI, O.

General Office: 116 Illinois St., CHICAGO, ILL.  
Eastern Agency: 105 Chambers St., NEW YORK.

**PRICE \$180**  
**UNIVERSITY PIANOS**  
FROM \$180 TO \$1500.  
FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD.  
SOLD DIRECT TO FAMILIES, saving the enormous expenses of agents. Sent with beautiful cover, stool and book, for trial in your own home before you buy. Guaranteed six years. Send for catalogue to  
Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 235 E. 91st St., N. Y.

## WHITE TAR SOAP

Has no equal in preventing and curing Skin Diseases. Ask for it. Drug and Drygoods Stores.  
**THE WHITE TAR CO., 125 Warren St., N. Y.**

## TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Advice Free HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT and permanently cure OBESITY. Only sure method. Starvation Diet and nauseous drugs unnecessary. Now Treatise, with full instructions HOW TO ACT, sent free on application. Address: E. K. LYNTON 19 Park Place, New York.



**EFFERVESCENT.**  
Perfect cure for all Diseases of bowels, liver, and digestive organs. Delightful. Prompt. Certain.  
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.



**EFFICIENT.**  
Small dose. Pleasant taste. Gentle action. For children or adults. Best physicians use it. Have used it 44 years.  
No Secret About It.



**ECONOMICAL.**  
For day laborer or millionaire. See that your druggist gives you the real, genuine article.  
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.



# AUGUSTA NATIONAL EXPOSITION

Opens OCT. 10th.---1888---Closes NOV. 17th.

**AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.**

**GREATEST INDUSTRIAL EVENT Of the Year!**

Commercial Centre of the Southeast.  
Largest Cotton-manufacturing City of the South.

**OPEN TO THE WORLD. ALL STATES REPRESENTED.**  
Manufactures, Mining, Agriculture.  
Live Stock of all Classes.  
Horse-racing and other Great Attractions.

**LARGEST INLAND COTTON MARKET.**

**EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.**

Largest building ever erected in the South, except at New Orleans. Beautiful grounds, standard mile track. Easy access. Every facility for exhibitors and for visitors.

Many newest and most interesting lines of manufactures from North and West already engaged, and more are entering daily. Southern manufactures will be represented, and Southern developments of resources of fields, forests and mines. The occasion will be highly favorable for prospecting.

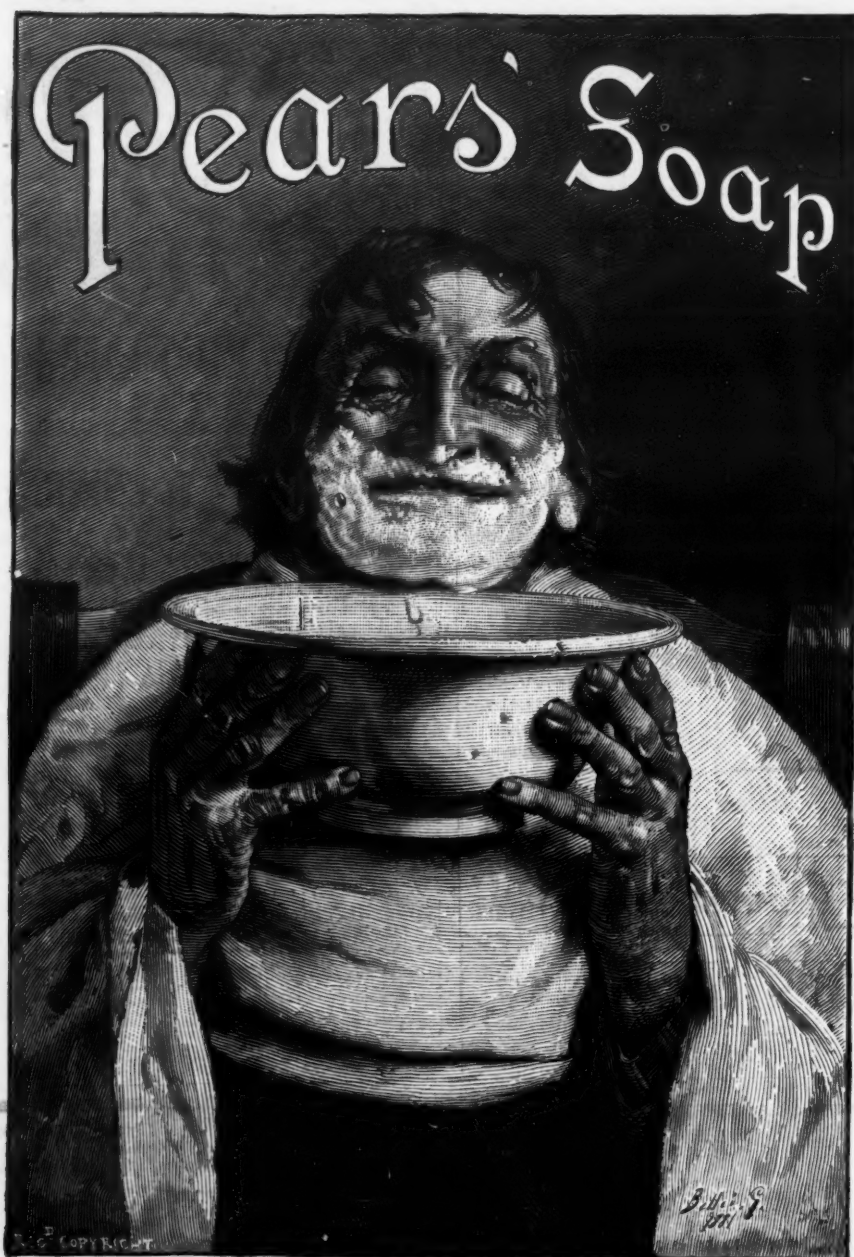
Visit the South, where blizzards come not; where snow falls lightly, or not at all; where outdoor work goes on the year round, and the earth yields crops every month.

Rolling lands, perfect drainage, fine water, dry and mild climate, where health and strength endure. Come South while lands are cheap and intelligent labor in great demand.

Railroads in every county; churches and schoolhouses every mile. Law and order everywhere, and welcome awaiting every honest man who comes.

Write for Augusta papers, and information about the South and the Augusta Exposition, to J. H. ALEXANDER, Secretary, Augusta, Georgia.





# Pears' Soap

"THE SHAVER'S DELIGHT."

12 MONTHS LUXURY FOR 12 PENCE

[a shilling shaving stick lasts a year.]

"PEARS"—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

## BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



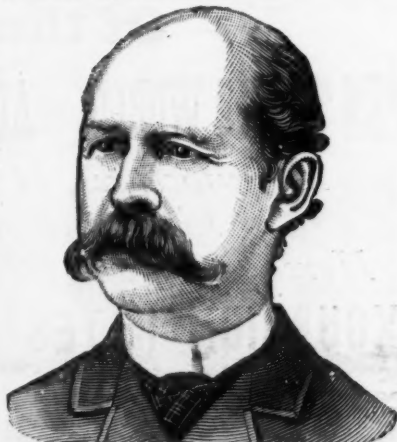
SECURUS JUDICAT  
Apollinaris  
ORBIS TERRARUM



WEIS & CO.,  
First Prize Medal, Vienna, Successors to C. Weis, Mfrs of  
1873. Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Cir. free. 309 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 68 Walker St., & Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver m'd pipes, new designs

## CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only calf \$3 SEAMLESS Shoe smooth inside. NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL NOT RIP.  
W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt \$4 shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$6 to \$8.  
W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.  
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE is unequalled for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.  
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.  
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best School shoe in the world.  
W. L. DOUGLAS \$1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.  
All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write  
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

## A MILLION BOXES A YEAR.

Brandreth's Pills purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of Brandreth's Pills have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

## BARBOUR'S



## IRISH FLAX THREADS

In Every Variety.

## LADIES, Use the Best!

WHETHER FOR

Button-sewing, Lace-making, Embroidery, OR OTHER FANCY WORK.

Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout the Country.

## BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING.

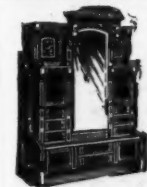
The Original! Beware of Imitations!

Awarded HIGHEST PRIZE and ONLY



MEDAL

Paris Exposition, 1878. HIGHEST AWARD NEW ORLEANS EXHIBITION.



## ANDREWS Folding Beds

MOST POPULAR.

Simple! Noiseless! Perfect!

All Styles. All Prices.

Catalogues on application.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Andrews Manufacturing Company,

686 Broadway, New York.

A. H. ANDREWS & CO., 195 Wabash Ave., Chicago; Post and Stockton Sts., San Francisco.



NOW READY.

Frank Leslie's Christmas Book.

1888-9.

A Delightful Holiday Book for the Young.

320 Pages, 100 Illustrations, 4 Elegant Colored Plates.

Stories, Pictures: Information about All Parts of the World; Beast, Bird and Fish; Famous People and Places; Great Events, especially in our own country—all presented in a manner to interest the young.

"Down the Snow-stairs; Or, Good Night to Good Morning," will be as popular as "Alice in Wonderland"; and "Two Little Waifs in Paris" will be a favorite with all the little folk.

For sale at all newsdealers', price One Dollar.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE,

53 Park Place, New York.

## ROYAL BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

For Sale by Wine Merchants and Grocers.

## BUY THE BEST.

WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

## THE TRAVELERS,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Has prospered where concerns with Cheaper Rates have all died, because it could be relied on to

PAY ITS CLAIMS IN FULL, and they could not.

INSURANCE MUST INSURE,

Or even a low price is so much money thrown away.

THE TRAVELERS' RESOURCES are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. PAYS ALL CLAIMS, without discount, immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs. MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEITURE provisions in all its policies.

Ten Millions of Assets, Two Millions of Surplus.

Paid Policy-Holders over \$14,000,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres. RODNEY DENNIS, Sec. JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Sec.



## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for Sapolio to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist upon having just what you ordered.

ENOCH MORCAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

## CURE for the DEAF

Comfortable, invisible, Illustrated book & profits, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

WORK for ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

The Finest Meat-Flavoring Stock. USE IT FOR SOUPS, Beef Tea, Sauces and Made Dishes.



EXTRACT of MEAT N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.